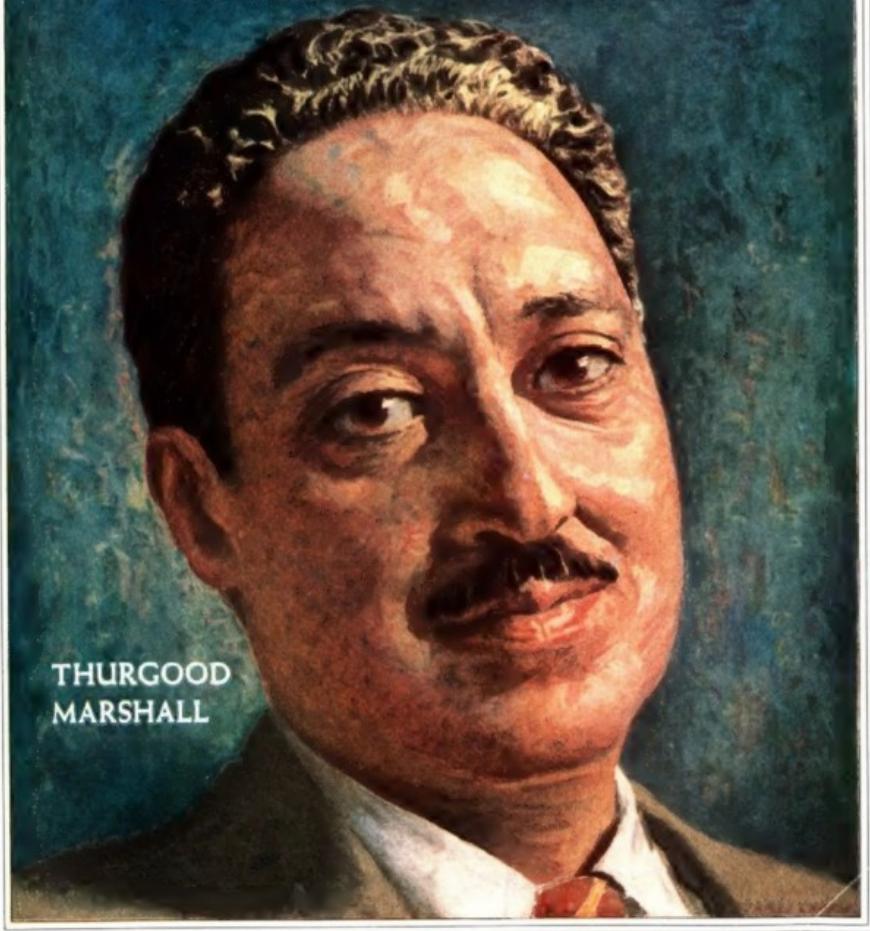


TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 19, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THURGOOD
MARSHALL

Long...low...and look at the choice!



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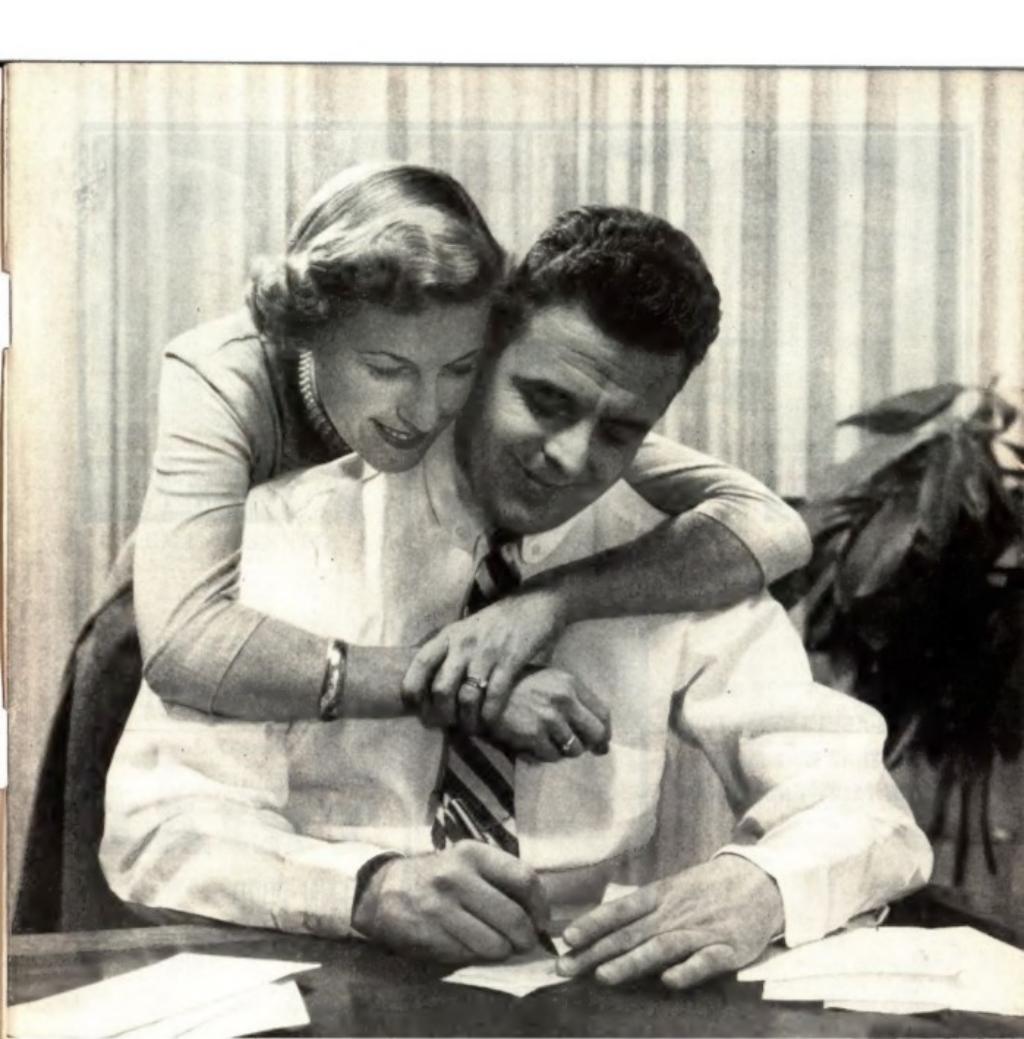
Big family? This one's just right for you!

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The new 1955 Carrier Weathermaker takes less than 10 sq. ft. of floor space—while in basement, attic, or closet. Air-cooled—needs no water. Terms: 10% down, 36 months to pay.





The Lawyer: they figured he was too inexperienced to get the boy off—so they hired him.



The Martyr-Maker: he guided the boy's story from the front pages ... toward the scaffold.



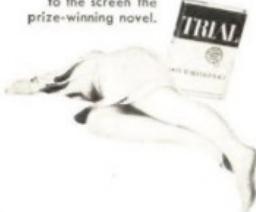
The Prosecuting Attorney: he had an open-and-shut case if he could forget his own conscience.



The Secretary: was she "planted" by his side—to help him win the case or make sure he lost it?

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF
A TEEN-AGER'S TRIAL FOR
MURDER THAT WILL MAKE
YOU TALK—AND THINK!

A beach party, a chance meeting, a piercing scream—and then...arrest! With an all-star cast, M-G-M brings powerfully to the screen the prize-winning novel.



The Mother: wherever she turned, another "friend" turned into another enemy.



The Judge: was he on the bench—or "on the spot"—when they chose him to preside?



The Boy: when the girl on the beach stopped breathing, he started running—too late...

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GLENN FORD
DOROTHY McGUIRE

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RAFAEL CAMPOS

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Written by
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From His Harper's Prize Novel
Directed by
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Produced by
CHARLES SCHNEE
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Concert Hall Society

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JACK TEAGARDEN

MAN WHO PLAYS THE BLUE TROMBONE

Charlie Parker

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AND INCLUDING: Rex Stewart, trumpet; Alton Nicholas, clarinet; Red Nichols, trumpet; Eddie Lang, guitar; Artie Shaw, clarinet; Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Art Hanes, Sonny Beckett, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Serge Chaloff, bassoon; Artie Shaw, trumpet; Ralph Burns, piano; Chick Webb, guitar; Artie Bernstein, drums; Don Redman, piano; Duke Ellington, piano; Count Basie, piano; Helen McCrory, singer; Duke Ellington, piano; Basie Big Band, piano; Jo Jones, drums; Duke Ellington, piano; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Jess Stacy, piano; George Wettling, drums; Wild Bill Davis, drums; Tony Greene, piano.

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of Jazz • "A fascinatingly varied assortment..."

—High Fidelity • "Easily the best value...a collection even the most discriminating collector...will find here..."

—NAT HENTOFF, *Downbeat* and *London Musical Express*

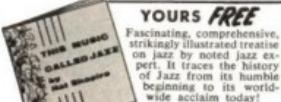
... introduction to jazz that is included here..."

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—RALPH GLEASON, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

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I am not obligated to buy any other records from the Society, will receive an advance description of each monthly selection, may try any of these—free of charge. I may reject any of these recordings at any time. At any time I may cancel my Trial Membership at any time. For future selections I decide to keep I will pay only \$2.75 (plus a few cents for shipping) per disc, plus a few cents for shipping per 12" disc. *Saving of over 40% off their usual retail price.*

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Look at these advanced Hobart features . . . spacious wash chamber . . . Hobart revolving power wash action . . . unique new stainless steel dual strainer system . . . sanitary, self-cleaning circular sump . . . large capacity sliding cushion-coated racks . . . five compartment silver basket.



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Decorator styled . . . quality engineered . . . performance built by Hobart! That's the all-new *KitchenAid* story. From the "hand-fit" handle to the exclusive Hobart power washing action the *KitchenAid* is designed for efficiency. You can wash an entire dinner service, even pots, pans, soup ladles and large spatulas. You don't even pre-rinse! Even the toughest, dried-on foods dis-

appear . . . and the separate motor and hot-air blower-fan dry everything to sparkling perfection. Gravity-drain, automatic pump-out and portable models are engineered for easiest service, lowest cost installation. For information, write Dept. KT, *KitchenAid* Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio. Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 19, 1955



Will your wife be free of worry in the "years between"?

If anything happened to you, have you considered exactly what the financial circumstances of your family would be from the date of your death until your wife reaches sixty-five?

These are the "years between," the years when, if childless, your wife will receive no Social Security benefits at all. If you have children, these "years between" begin when your youngest child reaches eighteen and end when your wife reaches sixty-five.

This is a time when Life insurance protection is greatly needed. To fill this need, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has created a new policy to provide protection especially for the "years between."

Specifically, this *Family Security* Policy offers these desirable features:

1. It will pay your wife \$50, \$100, \$200 or more a month from date of your death until she is sixty-five.
2. If desired, part of the benefits may be taken in a lump

sum and the rest in monthly installments.

3. In the event you should be totally disabled for six months or more, any time before age sixty, this protection will continue without further payment of premiums until such time as you recover.

These and many other desirable provisions are described in detail in material your friendly Metropolitan Man will be happy to discuss with you.

So, if you are concerned about the "years between" and would like to know more about the *Family Security* Policy, call your local Metropolitan Representative. His training and insurance skill make him an ideal consultant on insurance matters of any kind. Call him any time, or send the coupon, for . . .

Metropolitan service is

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Please have my local Metropolitan representative bring me more information about the *Family Security* Policy, 1055-T

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____ Wife's Age _____

City _____ State _____



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THE **BEST NEW-CAR NEWS FOR YOU**

It will come to you in the all-new cars of Chrysler Corporation . . . Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, Imperial.

It will come in a fresh new style concept we have named THE FLIGHT-SWEEP. Never have you seen cars that look so completely right for today . . . and tomorrow.

It will come in new ideas of performance and of driving response and control.

There will be new PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE. A touch of a finger on your left hand will push a button on the dash to give you instantly the driving range you want.

There will be still greater power, performance and economy from the finest and most advanced new powerplants in any cars today.

There will be new hydraulic braking systems that are without equal in the sureness and the ease of their operation.

There will be a kind of all-road riding comfort that is literally in a special

class all by itself among modern cars. There will be full-time Safety-Touch Power Steering . . . the most advanced and enjoyable single driving control of these times.

For—and remember this—these are no ordinary "new cars."

These are the cars of the second challenging year of THE FORWARD LOOK.

In 1955, Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial set out to break sharply from the past and to carve a bright new future . . . new for us and new for you.

Within a few short months many more than a million families have bought the cars of THE FORWARD LOOK. And again and again they tell us that till they had them, they had not dreamed such cars could exist.

Now, for 1956, these new cars of Chrysler Corporation will be still farther ahead of all others . . . still more outstanding in what they give you for your money.

The company that pioneered safety-

cushioned instrument panels, that brought you sure-vision electric windshield wipers and blowout-holding safety-rim wheels, offers you the safest cars your money can buy today.

Their bodies and frames are the most rigid and best constructed in the industry. They will have new LifeGuard door latches that hold fast under stress as none have ever done before. They will be the only cars available with two separate and independent braking systems . . . one for the foot-pedal, the other for the hand-brake.

On any of these cars, if you wish, you may have Safety Belts for front seat and rear.

Yes, these will be the cars to see . . . and to own . . . if you are buying for 1956.

In any price range, from lowest to most luxurious, these will be cars that bring you things other cars will not yet have for you, regardless of what you pay.

And they will be ready for you at your dealer's . . . very soon!

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Good for growing blossoms: sunshine.

Good for growing business: telegrams.

Everybody likes flowers-by-wire service. The out-of-town order is sent by telegram, *in writing*, to avoid all chance of error. That makes the customer happy. The florist does business by wire all over the country. That makes the florist happy. The telegram is fast and inexpensive. And that makes everybody happy.

We think there's an idea here for every business man. Because those same qualities of telegraph service that

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Have you examined your communications habits lately? Compare costs, in time *and* money, and chances are you'll choose telegrams every time.

when it means business

it's wise to wire

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TELEGRAM

Wouldn't someone like to receive flowers by wire from you . . . today? Easy to send anywhere . . . consult your local florist.

WESTERN UNION

LETTERS

**When it comes
to Moving,
"my line is
MAYFLOWER!"**



Says

**FRED
ALLEN**

Author of
"Treadmill to Oblivion"



Mayflower provides thorough, dependable protection, whether you move or store. Ask your nearby Mayflower Warehouseman for a free estimate. It's the thrifty way to move.



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EXCLUSIVE AGENTS ACROSS MAYFLOWER TRADES & CO.

A Case of Black & White

Sir:

In your Aug. 29 "South Africa's Tragedy in Colors," the callous and inclement attitude with regard to the sifting of human beings exhibited in the investigator's statement—"We may make a few mistakes and classify a few real Coloreds as natives, but that's a risk we must take if we are to sort out these people"—reminds me forcibly of another "sorting out" to take place, which though not characterized by callousness will be nonetheless inexorable. It is the Last Judgment portrayed in Matthew 25: 31-46 as the separation of the sheep from the goats. No capriciousness will govern that *apartheid* . . .

Would it not be ironic if these so-called Christians who determine men's destinies by the color of their skin or the kinlessness of their hair should in the end be found themselves to be goats in sheep's clothing?

ROBERT H. EMERY
Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Sir:

How is it possibly possible that the world will let the South African Nationalist government behave the way it does? They seem to ask for a repeat of the happenings in other colonies and ex-colonies like Israel and Morocco. What is the good of a United Nations if these things are allowed to happen? . . .

(MRS.) J. J. HACKSHAW
Auckland, N.Z.

Sir:

Our support of the government of South Africa must be withdrawn immediately . . . I ask you how free people the world over can stand by while such treatment is given to fellow beings . . .

B. WHITTLE

Gary, Ind.

Sir:

Is there a fate wretched enough to which the Strydom Gang and its monstrous Population Registration could be consigned? . . .

ALLAN CLARKE

Honolulu

Sir:

Surely the whites of South Africa knew what they wanted and what they were going to get when they voted for "Adolf" Strydom. Now they have him . . . The boys in the Kremlin must be licking their chops over conditions there . . .

S. KLEIN

Los Angeles

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
September 19, 1955

Party Men

Sir:

I read with great interest the wise comments of those sages of the Democratic Party—Truman, Butler & Kroll—assembled at French Lick, Ind. [Sept. 5]. They are so right; the present Administration is sadly out of step. The Republicans have brought on a depression (with employment at an all-time high and unemployment at a new low) and have no regard for human needs—they have permitted prices to increase 0.3% while merely increasing take-home pay by a lousy \$3.84 per week . . . They are demagogues that misrepresent by reporting what takes place at foreign conferences instead of allowing the American public to wait ten years to learn that they were sold down the river. The Republican Party lacks color, so seldom do you hear of one of its stalwarts . . . fleeing the States like Bill O'Dwyer or going to jail like Mayor Curley. What have they ever contributed to compare with good old Mayor Hague, Ed Crump, Tom Pendergast, *et al.*, or good staunch Democrats like Harold Ickes, Henry Wallace, Alger Hiss, Lamar Caudle? . . . Even the President's son is a reactionary—he foolishly goes rank in the Army by going to West Point and becoming a Second Loony . . .

W. C. MCNERNEY

Lemay, Mo.

East Side, West Side

Sir:

As mayor, and in behalf of the citizens of New York City, I wish to register my exception to the statement printed in the Aug. 22 issue of TIME, that "New York is still far behind many other cities in its municipal services . . . with filthy potholed streets and clumsy police." Today we have the largest police force in our city history, and a report issued by Police Commissioner Francis W. H. Adams just prior to his resignation showed a drop of 13% in major crimes during the past six months, which is evidence of the ability and service of our police . . .

I agree that an apathetic citizenry contributed to littered streets, but a current and continuing campaign of public education and strict enforcement of municipal ordinances have paid off with a great improvement and a most cooperative public. In trying to keep our city clean, we have more than doubled the number of curb miles of streets swept mechanically at least three times per week . . . Refuse collections cover 51% of the city's entire area daily, and the remaining areas have collections three times a week, a peak of

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Volume LXVI
Number 12

TIME, SEPTEMBER 19, 1955

Newest color
on Madison Avenue

It's Plateau's

old ivy

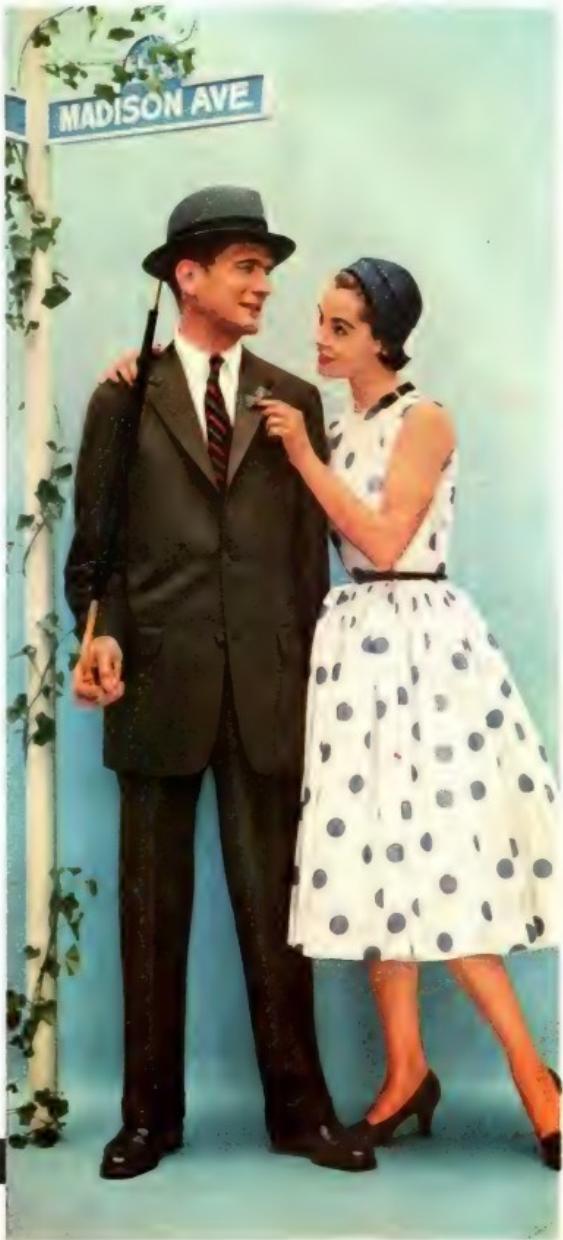
(growing fast all over town)

In the suit
with the "weightless feel!"

Feels fabulous, looks like a million —Plateau's Old Ivy, the smart new "weightless" suit-about-town. "Balanced Tailoring" by Timely Clothes, Pre-Laxed in the loom by Pacific. Three buttons, natural shoulders, the straight and narrow look. The smooth 100% wool Pacific fabric keeps neat, keeps the crease. You've got to see yourself in this one. Priced at \$72.50.

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This is the label
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Here belong all those to whom good taste is the common denominator. For good taste finds its ultimate satisfaction in the two proud whiskies you see here: Kentucky Tavern, the finest of sour mash Bourbons, made to the same classic formula by the same Kentucky family for three generations; and King's Ransom, a vigorous Scotch whisky known round the world for its hearty character and soft, full flavor.

We commend these distinguished offerings of the House of Glenmore to you with utmost confidence, certain you will agree that the little extra they cost is insignificant compared to the extra enjoyment they afford.

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KENTUCKY TAVERN—

Kentucky Straight Sour Mash Bourbon, Bottled-in-Bond, 100 Proof

service which is unparalleled in any city in our nation . . . It might also interest you to know that a recent survey by scientists shows that the air in New York City is adjudged the second cleanest of the cities of our nation . . .

ROBERT F. WAGNER
Mayor

New York City

Tale of a Tiger (Cont'd.)

Sir:

After reading your Aug. 22 article, "New Kind of Tiger," my conviction is strengthened that the "new tiger" De Sario is the same old tiger, a little more refined; Harriman is in bad company . . . I have just returned from a visit with high officials in six Western European countries. President Eisenhower's popularity as a world leader is unmatched by any other man. His continuation as President and world leader is a must.

(THE REV.) HARRY B. PARROTT
Garfield Trinity Baptist Church
Cleveland

Sir:

A terrific article on Tammany Hall and its history . . .

NITIN SHANKAR
Berlin

The New Code

Sir:

Re the new "Soldier's Code" [TIME, Aug. 29]: It's all very well for a bunch of archaic stuffed shirts, some from a Government-sponsored trade school (West Point), to say what captured fighting men should do; they are too old ever to be faced with the problem . . . I flew 49 missions during World War II and was often briefed on P.W. status under the old (Geneva) rules . . . To expect draftees to submit to the new code is to raise a new crop of "conchies." To expect men to resist the combination of physical and mental torture known to be practiced by the Chinese Reds without the aid of extensive training on the same level as the inquisitors is like picking a man off the street and putting him in the ring with Mariano, then punishing him for losing the fight . . .

GEORGE L. LIDDLE
Sioux City, Iowa

Sir:

The Code is inhuman . . . We must admire the complete objectivity of our generals, who are, incidentally, relatively secure from torture because of their international fraternization system. General Dean is a very rare exception, but he came back alive.

DONALD J. MELVIN
State College, Pa.

Sir:

In an effort to lay the blame for what our P.W.s did in Korea . . . the Advisory Committee seems to have come to the conclusion that the cause was a lack of education in the fundamentals of American democracy. Is this argument valid? These men were asked to fight for an America which had allowed a Communist Russia to overrun Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc., while talking loudly, but acting ineffectively. They were asked to fight for their country which had allowed aircraft to be fired upon and even shot down, while the U.S. did nothing more than wave a useless piece of paper demanding retribution. Is this a lack of education in the concept of American democracy or something more serious? . . . Can we in good faith with our fighting men subscribe to a code as strict as this Soldier's Code when we have read about a man of God—a man whose very strength and being rested with God—who broke and signed a confession under Communistic torture? Cardinal Mindszenty's faith could not sustain him in his hours of torture. Why should



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WASHINGTON
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SOUTH AMERICA



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Only strict adherence to the highest standards of design and tailoring . . . only insistence on the most luxurious fabrics . . . only craftsmanship of the highest order could win and hold such continuing approval. Through decades of changing fashions, Society Brand's quality has never changed—and this name has become the symbol for clothes befitting a man whose station in life warrants the finest. See Society Brand suits for fall at a fine store in your community.

Connoisseur's choice . . . the Society Brand Landshire of luxurious imported cashmere and finest wools in a deep charcoal tone.

Landshire—Reg U S Pat Off

*Society
Brand
Clothes*

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



we expect our men to be able to do better?

As an ex-P.W. (Stalax Luft, June '44—April '45), I would like to suggest a more realistic code to be followed by P.W.s: 1) Give to all men (primarily officers) who have knowledge of war plans a suicide pill to be taken when such individuals deem it necessary. 2) Allow all P.W.s the privilege of talking as they see fit, writing as many confessions as the enemy wishes. 3) Allow the P.W. to do anything the enemy requires except take action which is in any way harmful to fellow prisoners. Any P.W. found guilty of this crime to be punished to the maximum of the law.

HENRY F. GARLINGTON

Savannah, Ga.

Frankie Boy

Sir:

Your vivid Aug. 29 story on my favorite American, Frank Sinatra, was as colorful and exciting as the man himself.

TRUDI MORRIS

London

Sir:

A pretty picture, indeed, of a nasty little boy and later of a bigoted show-off of a man.

CARRIE KRIEGER

Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

If Frank Sinatra walked into your office and punched TIME Hollywood Correspondent Ezra Goodman right in the middle of his fat face, I can't say I'd blame him.

NELLO PACETTI

Kenosha, Wis.

Sir:

Quite a maudlin piece on Sinatra—written as though a teen-ager, about to swoon, were writing her thesis on mush! . . .

REX O. WHITNEY

New York City

Sir:

On seeing the Aug. 29 cover, I was greeted by the magnificently skinny visage of Frankie boy, and I flipped . . . Thanks . . .

JO LEE

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

I could hardly wait until I could tear up that cover . . .

ANNE Y. ROSS

Las Vegas, Nev.

Sir:

Well, aren't you going to tell us about that brassiere? Did Sinatra sign it, or didn't he?

K. ADAMS

Chicago

¶ The evidence has been destroyed in the wash.—ED.

Security

Sir:

The illogical pretexts for firing federal employees under the present U.S. "security" program, as outlined in TIME, Aug. 29, gave me the blue shudders. TIME is to be commended for exemplifying the insipid character of the loyalty interviews, and the Fund for the Republic merits congratulations for unearthing the brutal nature of the dismissals . . .

A. KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

A fundamental consideration when evaluating the present security program: employment by the Government is a privilege and not a right. The well-being of 165 million Americans must be considered basic. When

NOW...COFFEE-BREAK TIME CUT IN HALF



**New Oasis Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler
Saves Thousands Of Dollars...
Employees Love It!**

Every employer should know the facts about the amazing new Oasis Hot 'n Cold that serves piping hot water for coffee—INSTANTLY! And there's no better way than by hearing what actual users have to say about theirs.

A New York Service Company:

"Hot 'n Cold saves us \$250 a week. Formerly our 100 employees went out for coffee—now they stay on the job. Production efficiency is greatly increased."

A Memphis Filling Station:

"Serving coffee to customers builds up a tremendous amount of customer good will—and repeat business!"

A Milwaukee Specialty Company:

"Coffee-break was almost out of hand. Now our employees enjoy their coffee and they're back to work quickly. Cut lost time in half!"

Oasis Hot 'n Colds can be equipped with specially designed Cup Dispensers and Self-Service Beverage Dispensers—optional accessories at a slight additional charge

FREE beverages with each Hot 'n Cold

Here's a real offer—a bargain that you will want to take advantage of. From September 15th to November 15th, each buyer of a famous Hot 'n Cold will receive, absolutely free, this money-sav-

ing bonus: 100 Packaged Beverages (Freshly sealed, self-service envelopes of instant coffee, chocolate, beef broth and chicken broth, plus Cream and sugar) . . . 100 Cups . . . 100 Spoons.



Oasis HOT 'N COLD

WATER COOLER

made in pressure and bottle models

**MAIL
this Coupon Today**

Get documented evidence
that Hot 'n Cold is saving
money for users—get your
Free Beverage Certificate!

**THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Department T, Columbus 13, Ohio**

SEND ME THE WHOLE STORY ON THE BIG FALL SPECIAL ON THE
HOT 'N COLD—ALSO MY FREE BEVERAGE CERTIFICATE!

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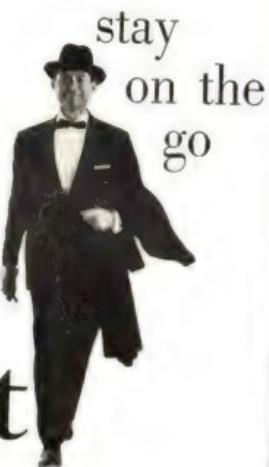
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men
on the
go...



in
wright
arch preserver shoes

The end of the busiest day finds you feeling fit and fresh when you wear Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Thanks to Wright's Famous Four Features, you walk in *active comfort*. Standing is no strain. Living is easier, more fun. *It's a comfortable fact:* you finish the toughest day fit as a fiddle in Wright Arch Preservers. And are they handsome? Just take a look at The Milano shown here.

The continental influence in a smart wing tip. In brown or black.
FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS.

the loyalty of a Government employee is questionable in the least degree, sufficient grounds for immediate dismissal exist.

CHARLES D. HARRIS
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Houston

Sir

Re your solution: Give all the power to one bureaucrat! Let him hire and fire at his pleasure and save governmental dignity! His board is at least democratic. Why not advise alcoholics to switch to dope?

EDMOND L. VOLPE

New York City

The British Press (Contd.)

Sir

Your Aug. 22 article on the British press and its abysmal depths moves me to congratulate you. How right you are . . . Recently the *Daily Express* . . . made much of your article's reference to its clever editing and enterprise. Genially patting itself on the back, as it is wont to do, it stuck in its thumb and pulled out a plum and said what a good boy am I.

P. A. SCOTT

Southsea, England

¶ Next to a headline on the Oued Zem massacre (WHOLE FAMILIES ARE KNIFED) the *Daily Express* excerpted 60 words from TIME's 1,100-word story for an arm-wrenching Page One pat.—Ed.

The Heretic (Contd.)

Sir

Following your story on Pastor Crist, there is a letter in your Aug. 29 issue by the Rev. Grover Bell, who, along with others, challenges the right of any Protestant to judge another based on the right of Protestants to interpret Scripture as they please. It is true that most Protestants believe in liberty in interpretation of Scripture. However, many of us doubt that the right of interpretation of Scripture includes the right to deny . . . basic doctrines such as the deity of Christ . . . While a man has the right to deny any part of the Bible, I question his right to call himself a Christian minister while doing so.

THE REV. HOWARD LEHN
Otis Orchards Community Church
Otis Orchards, Wash.

Sir

. . . Pastor Crist is to be respected for holding firm to his personal convictions, else would we be instrumental in restoring our church to the totalitarianism of Rome. On the other hand, we cannot permit the personal convictions of our pastors to be aired from the dedicated Lutheran pulpit, lest we bring down on ourselves the confusion of Canterbury.

WILLIAM F. PAULSEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Humble Clam
Sir

The sermon administered to my *American Shrimp Girl* and to me by O'Neill J. Richard in his letter to TIME [Aug. 15] has made me contrite as a prawn, shaky as a jellyfish and humble as a clam. I hereby renounce girls, shrimp, eels, oysters, crabs, periwinkles and all pleasurable subjects for the artist's brush, both of land and sea—all of which Mr. Hogarth² and I loved so well.

PHILIP EVERGOOD

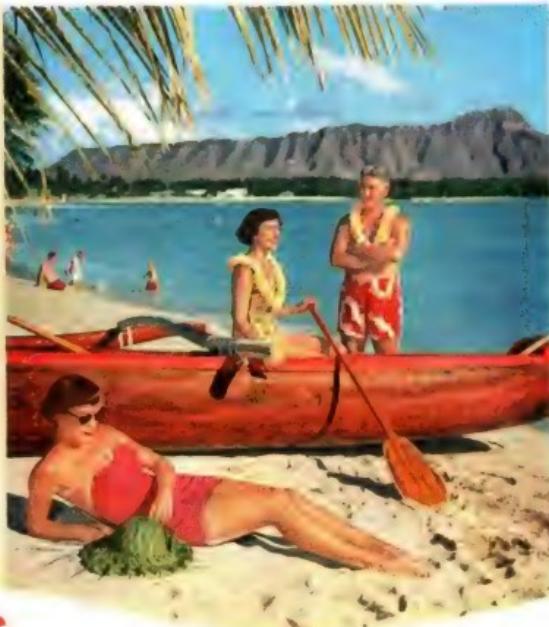
Southbury, Conn.

¶ For further news of Artist Hogarth, see Books.

Fun, excitement, beauty, romance — such things as dreams are made of — flourish in tropical profusion in Hawaii.

Surely you've dreamed of beach-comber days on coral sands . . . of nights filled with stardust and wistful South Sea melodies . . . of palms beckoning in the fragrant trade winds . . . of hibiscus-colored sunsets . . . of making new friends and finding new happiness in happiness-blessed Polynesia.

In Hawaii these are not idle fancies but everyday facts. Add your favorite sports—golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing—and Hawaii's favorites—surf-riding and outrigger canoeing. Add a king's ransom in sight-seeing, ranging from Honolulu's Oriental temples to the iridescent views from Nuuanu Pali. And you have a vacation that's a dream come true.



Hawaii

works magic in making
dreams come true...

Practical Facts — Hawaii is Polynesian in tradition, modern American in living standards, language and currency. No passport necessary. Excellent hotel accommodations at reasonable rates. Restaurants to fit every taste and budget. Travel light. It's always summer and Hawaii's smart shops feature exciting Island-style fashions and accessories.

Visit All Major Isles — Daily air flights from Honolulu on Oahu to Maui, the Valley Isle-world's largest volcanic crater . . . Kauai, the Garden Island, spectacular canyons and magnificent beaches . . . Hawaii, the Orchid Island, soaring volcanoes and picturesque Kona Coast. There are fine hotels on each of these islands; a complete inter-island tour will add surprisingly little to your vacation's cost. Your Travel Agent will give you full information or write.



EASY TO REACH...LOW IN COST

See your plantation advisor, Menehune, or travel agent.

These are pictures more where there are more people.

The Beach at Waikiki is made for snapshotting.



HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU

2051 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, T.H.

A non-profit organization maintained
for your service by the People of Hawaii.

You see
INSTANTLY
what's inside



REVERE WARE *tel-U-top* CANISTERS

One quick glance . . . and you've found it—coffee, tea, flour, sugar, rice, bread crumbs, cereals, spices—without even taking off the cover! That's because the clear, plastic Tel-U-Top knobs can be easily filled with a sample of what's inside these gleaming, seamless stainless steel Revere Ware Canisters.

Naturally, they're "beauties" on any kitchen shelf—and you can buy them in 4 sizes, individually, and in sets of 3 or 4, with snug fitting covers that protect food flavor and freshness. Why not go in and see them at your favorite store today and pick up a set? Once you have them, you'll wonder how you ever got along without them. Buy them by the set, and save. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York • Clinton, Illinois • Riverside, California



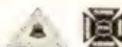
*Good Cooks Everywhere Use...
REVERE WARE*



Note to business men: Revere Ware Canister Sets are New They make ideal Christmas gifts



THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns of Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Missouri. Shown also are the emblems of the two Pioneer associations.



They're Telephone Pioneers

Experience and fellowship of long-term telephone men and women are important factors in good telephone service

Robert C. Price, Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns, and Melvin F. Held, shown together here, are Telephone Pioneers.

They are representative of the more than 180,000 men and women who belong to two big and important organizations in the telephone business.

These are the Telephone Pioneers of America and the Independent Telephone Pioneer Association.

These two organizations are com-

posed of employees who have spent many years in the business, their average service being well over 21 years. About one out of every four telephone people in the Bell System and independent telephone companies in the United States and Canada is a Pioneer.

Each day the active, working Telephone Pioneers bring over 3½ million years of "know-how" and experience to the job. Equally important is their

spirit of service that is so important a part of the telephone business.

By sustaining and nourishing this spirit, they help to insure its continuance and provide a solid foundation for greater progress to come.

The fast, courteous, low-cost telephone service you enjoy today is due in no small measure to the men and women who wear the proud emblems of the Telephone Pioneers.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Not Lenin but Lucifer

If some big-headed, bandy-legged, ivy-green men from Mars with a secret weapon and a gripe against Marxists took over Earth, wiped out all the Communists and went home, how would things be? Much better, no doubt. But last week's news brought wholesome reminders that even if Communism were erased, old Earth would still have plenty of troubles.

The U.S. lived so long with the cold war (and the slight defrosting of Geneva's elusive spirit) that there was a tendency to forget that trouble began when Lucifer fell, not when Lenin rose. There were some really first-rate messes around the world that could not by any stretch of the anti-Communist imagination be blamed on the Communists.

Item: Cyprus (pop. 500,000), Venus' home island, promised to cause almost as much trouble as she had. The British, who run Cyprus, answered the demands of most Cypriots for union with Greece by promising a vague home-rule plan. This enraged the Turkish minority on the island. In sympathy, Turkish mobs rioted in Istanbul, and inflicted damage on their town estimated at ten times the value of the whole island of Cyprus (*see FOREIGN NEWS*).

Item: The Gaza strip between Israel and Egypt has seen 70 Egyptians and Israelis killed in the latest flare-ups.

Item: Thousands of Sudanese troops, Negroes from southern provinces, mutinied against their Arab officers from the north.

Item: Morocco still hoisted, despite French moves to create what they called "a free sovereign state" that would be permanently tied to France by an act of "interdependence." The toll since Aug. 20: about 3,000 dead, thousands more wounded.

Item: Prosperous as it was, the U.S. was still a long way from solution of its Negro problem (*see cover story*) and many others.

In short, if the anti-Communist world cleaned itself up, maybe the Communists wouldn't seem so formidable.

THE ECONOMY

Up

The U.S. boom roared on. The Departments of Commerce and Labor reported last week that during the months of July and August:

Item: Employment climbed above the 65-million mark for the first time in history, up 494,000 since July, 3,211,000 since last year; unemployment meanwhile declined to 2,237,000, down 31% since August 1954, to the lowest level of joblessness since the fall of 1953.

Item: Personal incomes climbed during July to an annual rate of \$304.7 billion, up \$17.6 billion since last July; Government and manufacturing incomes were higher, with average weekly factory earnings up to the alltime high of \$77.11 a week; farm income was lower by 9.3%, but August farm employment, often seasonally lower, held close to the July level of 7,704,000.

Item: Construction volume during August climbed 7.7% above last August's high to an estimated \$3,978,000,000, boosting construction outlays for the first eight months of 1955 to an alltime high of \$27.1 billion.



ANTI-RIOT TANKS IN ISTANBUL
After the ivy-green men, what?

REPUBLICANS

Happiness Through Health

Around the tables in the Continental Room of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, the state leaders of the Republican Party tried hard to hide their optimism behind worried looks and diffident words. But a foot-high letters, mounted on a red plush drape, a sign proclaimed the state of the nation: "Everything's Booming but the Guns."

Under way was a four-day clinic for G.O.P. state chairmen, aimed at teaching them how best to sell their product—Dwight Eisenhower—in 1956. The chairmen themselves were cause for additional Republican satisfaction. Under the Eisenhower leadership, the grizzled, opposition-minded G.O.P. pols of past years have to a large degree given way to more youthful men with more youthful outlooks. Among last week's group were nine state chairmen aged 40 years or less: New York's L. Judson Morhouse, 40; California's Thomas W. Caldecott, 40; New Mexico's Merrill B. Johns Jr., 39; North Dakota's George Longmire, 39; Michigan's John Feikens, 37; New Hampshire's William W. Treat, 37; Oklahoma's Douglas McKeever, 37; Oregon's Wendell Wyatt, 37; and Wisconsin's Philip G. Kuehn, 35.

Questions by Candlelight

The clinic's top instructor was Vice President Richard Nixon, who, in an hour-long candlelight session, conducted a question-and-answer period. A Nixon sampler:

Q.: What will the Democratic strategy be?

A.: "Their big drive will be to create the impression that the Republican Party, in economic policy, isn't as interested in the average man as the Democrats are . . . In spite of the talk that the Republican Party isn't for the wage earner, the fact is that more than 65 million wage earners are earning more, buying more and saving more than at any time . . . That simple fact, if repeated often enough, will outweigh all the arguments our opponents can drag up."

Q.: How about the decline in farm prices?

A.: "I'm convinced that

Associated Press

prices will be stabilized by reducing surpluses and broadening markets. We will eventually reverse the trend toward lower prices in effect when we came to power."

By and large, the state chairmen were much too happy about their party's prospects to pay strict attention to the business of the clinic. Scoffed Washington State Chairman George Kinney, when asked his opinion of the various "visual aid" political techniques that had been demonstrated: "It all costs too much money and needs too many trained people." With only a couple of exceptions, the state chairmen even managed to shrug off the nagging farm price problem. Said Alabama Chairman Claude Vardaman: "Don't forget, nobody's shooting at those farmers' sons. Peace is going to help us a lot. We can run on the end of the Korean

this year. The President laughed and replied, "Well, I went along with you then, didn't I?" And that, says Vardaman, is good enough for me."

Before they left Washington, the state chairmen all signed a telegram aimed at persuading Eisenhower to run again. Its concluding sentence: "We like Ike better than ever." They also unanimously adopted a resolution commending Dick Nixon for his work as Vice President. Then, one and all, they emplanned for Denver to see the President.

Of Man's Mortality. Speaking to the state chairmen, Ike didn't say yes, and he didn't say no. What he did say, after delivering a hard-listed lecture on the necessity for a take-nothing-for-granted campaign next year, was this: "While I have been forbidden to mention this subject by your chairman, I will bring up for a

DEMOCRATS

Off-Year Roll Call

From the 1,641 delegates to the 1952 Democratic National Convention, Adlai Stevenson received 273 votes on the first roll call, 617½ on the third and deciding ballot.* On the sound theory that the 1952 delegates, many of whom will be back in Chicago next year, form a significant bloc of political opinion, the Chicago *Daily News* recently polled them about 1956 prospects, received answers from 36%. Chief finding: although a big majority believes that Stevenson will win the nomination, only two out of five list him as their personal choice.

Asked to name the most likely winner, the delegates voted: Stevenson 63%, New York's Governor Averell Harriman 21%, Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver 6%, scattered candidates 8%.

Asked about their personal choices, they voted: Stevenson 38.5%, Kefauver 23%, Georgia's Senator Richard Russell 12%, Harriman 11%, scattered 15.5%.

Laying Down the Line

Last week's theater of Democratic politics had a familiar look. In one act was Adlai Stevenson, with another skilled, polished performance. In another was Harry S. Truman, the 71-year-old trouper, still giving 'em hell.

The idea for the Stevenson script originated in the bouncy political organization of Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey, whence came the suggestion that Stevenson, as a peg for taking off on the Eisenhower Administration, might recall the 1952 campaign day when both Adlai and Ike traveled to Kasson, Minn., to set forth their farm policies.

Stevenson wrote a letter to Kasson Farmer Henry Snow, in whose pasture the candidates had appeared. Excerpts:

"I drove into Kasson that day just as General Eisenhower drove out, and I have a vivid memory of the excitement with which I was told that Candidate Eisenhower had not merely endorsed the support of basic farm prices at 90% of parity but had come out for 100% of parity. The distinct and, I fear, deliberate impression he had left was that he favored Government supports of 100% parity, while at the same time endorsing his party's platform pledge to abandon all production controls . . ."

"Since that day three years ago the farm situation has steadily worsened under an Administration that embraces flexible price supports while maintaining distressing rigidity of mind . . . The current farm distress is dangerous to our whole economy in an age of ever-closer economic interdependences. If it continues, it must inevitably affect the prosperity so ardently fostered through 20 years of Democratic Government . . ."

* Many of the 1,641 delegates had only half votes. Full convention votes totaled 1,720, with 610 needed to nominate. After Stevenson passed 610, his nomination was made unanimous.



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON & G.O.P. CAMPAIGNERS IN WASHINGTON
Skull practice beneath red plush.

War just as the Democrats ran for 20 years on Hoover."

The Ugly Crossroad. Only one question really worried the state chairmen: what, if by some not-to-be-thought-of circumstance, President Eisenhower were to refuse to stand for reelection? G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall went around quoting a state chairman who had said: "When I get to that bridge, I'll jump off it."

Alabama's Vardaman managed to become a leading figure at the meeting simply by telling of a hint he had had from Ike. In 1951, Vardaman recalled, he had gone to Paris to urge General Eisenhower to run for President, concluding his speech: "General, please do me a favor. Don't try to stop us." At that time, Ike smiled, shook hands, said nothing beyond wishing Vardaman a pleasant voyage home. A few weeks ago, Claude Vardaman went to the White House, reminded the President of their 1951 talk and pointed to the somewhat similar situation existing

moment the question of one man and one man's value. Now I just want to point out to you that I greatly appreciated your telegram, particularly where you said, 'We like Ike better than ever.' May I return the compliment and say I like the Republican Party more than ever.

"But we don't believe for a minute that the Republican Party is so lacking in inspiration, high quality personnel and leadership, that we are dependent on one man. We don't believe it for a minute. Now, as long as we have a man in the leadership position, why of course, as a party, we are going to be loyal, we are going to help in the fight.

"But humans are frail—and they are mortal. [We] never pin our flag so tightly to one mast that, if a ship sinks, you cannot rip it off and nail it to another. It is sometimes good to remember that."

The state chairmen had their own interpretation of these words: if Ike held up, he will run. And they thought they had never seen him looking healthier.

Drowned Out. The press play was less than expected. As had happened before, Stevenson's carefully cadenced sentences could hardly be heard against the din of Harry Truman.

In Detroit for a Labor Day speech, Truman was in mid-campaign form. The Democratic nominee in 1956, cried Truman, will "not be the kind of man who will give you a big smile and some nice promises in the political campaign and then turn you over to your enemies for the next four years . . . You are—we all are—confronted with the opposition or indifference of an Administration dominated by big business. An Administration concerned more with dollars than with people."

The prospect of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger, said Truman, is "scaring the daylights out of the Republicans," and there is evidence that "Republican politicians are getting ready to play pretty rough next year." Then he looked up from his text and added: "If the Democratic Party invites me into the campaign, they'll get all the 'rough' they want."

Bipartisan Slurs. Moving on to Chicago, Truman briskly fielded the questions tossed at him by newsmen and by his capacity luncheon audience at the famed Executives Club. How is his health? "There's a lady named Anna Domini and she's trying to catch up with me." Can the Democrats beat Ike next year? "I've never yet seen a Republican I didn't think could be beaten." Does he regret having removed General Douglas MacArthur from his Far East command? "I've only regretted that I didn't fire him two years sooner . . . MacArthur never had orders to stop at the 38th parallel. He didn't cross the Yalu because there were a million and a half Chinese waiting there."

Truman did not limit his attacks to Republicans. Asked if he thought Texas Governor Allan Shivers was a Democratic possibility for national office next year, Truman snorted: "Shivers? He's not a Democrat—he's a Shivercat." Does he regard New York Democratic Leader Carmine De Sapienza as a kingmaker? Snapped Truman: "I don't know anything about making kings in New York—he's not making kings in Missouri, I can tell you that."

Word that Truman was back in fighting trim did not come as happy news to many Stevenson followers, who still feel that Truman's low-level campaigning hurt the party in 1952. This time, Stevenson may feel freer to disassociate himself from the ex-President. Nevertheless, as New York Timesman Arthur Krock commented: "Once again the Democratic Party is looking to words from Stevenson, and once again Harry S. Truman is laying down a campaign line for the party and its candidate to follow."

Carmine De Sapienza, who never sleeps, immediately telephoned Truman's one-time secretary, Matt Connelly, and within a few hours De Sapienza quoted Truman as saying that the remark "was meant to be facetious."

ARMED FORCES Training by Torture

Korea showed that captured U.S. servicemen could be forced by torture, by the threat of torture, and sometimes by the mere promise of creature comforts, to hurt their fellow prisoners and their country. This came as a shock to the U.S. public; it came as even more of a shock to the nation's military leaders, and it was inevitable that they should determine to do something about it.

Foremost in the attempt to train men to resist torture is the U.S. Air Force. At the Stead Air Force Base near Reno,

reported that O'Donnell had commended them and that they contemplated no change in the school's program.

"We never take a man and see how much he can stand," said McKenzie, a German P.O.W. for 14 months in World War II. "We do not degrade students. We try to teach them by demonstration what to expect if captured, and how to conduct themselves to evade punishment."

"We feel our greatest accomplishment is to remove the pattern of fear of the unknown . . ."

Sometimes the unknown is less feared than the known, and there is grave doubt that the Air Force has found the answer



U.S. "PRISONER" AT STEAD AIR FORCE BASE
Brainwashing behind barbed wire.

AP Wirephoto

nearly 30,000 airmen have gone through a course in which some of the ugliest Communist methods of handling prisoners are followed. Herded behind barbed wire for a 36-hour interrogation period, the "prisoners" are subjected to electrical shocks, crammed into an upright box where they can neither sit nor stand, forced to stand shoulder deep in water for hours of darkness, fed a mixture of raw spinach and uncooked spaghetti, made to stand naked before their captors, and to listen to slanderous talk about their wives.

Last week, in reply to published charges that the Stead school is one of epic brutality, its top officers were summoned to Washington, where they met with Lieut. General Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell Jr., the Air Force deputy chief of personnel. The Steadman, Colonel Burton E. McKenzie, school commander, and Major John Oliphant, training director, later

to its problem. Men can be given spiritual stamina through spiritual training; they can achieve physical stamina through physical training. There is no evidence that they can become immune to torture by small doses of torture.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Getting to Know You

The minute Congress adjourns each summer, U.S. Senators and Representatives buzz off like bumblebees in clover. Years ago, they used to head home for personal fence-mending; in the era of mass communications, they head for Europe in the hope of headlines and, on their return, TV appearances. The biggest Congressional tourist attraction this season, by all odds, was Soviet Russia and her satellites, most of whom rolled up the Iron Curtain and rolled out the Welcome

Wagon. In Washington the Soviet embassy announced that eleven Senators and 17 Representatives had received visas to enter Russia; still others picked up their visas in Europe. No one, according to the embassy, had been turned down.

Host and tourists alike had a fixed Geneva-style smile and a fumbling handshake at the ready. At a lavish cocktail party in Budapest, Nevada's Senator George W. ("Molly") Malone, a rabid anti-Communist in the past, met a charming Bulgarian and accepted his invitation to fly down to Sofia, even though unrecognized Bulgaria has been off limits to Americans since 1950. In Moscow later, Malone defended his violation of U.S. passport regulations. "I personally see nothing wrong about collecting information our people should have on how people are getting along in any country," he said.

Fried Watermelon. Rollicking through the Red Balkans, Louisiana's Senator Allen Ellender reported Rumania's corn was as high as an elephant's eye, and the home cooking was mighty fine, too. In an interview which the New York *Daily Worker* reported lovingly, Ellender described Sunday dinner at a farm in southern Rumania. He had eaten "bread and cheese, the finest tomatoes you could imagine, chicken soup, fried chicken, eggplant, tea, cheesecake and fried watermelon." The chicken "was fried Southern style, the way we do it in Louisiana. It was so good I sucked every bone. When I got up from that table I was so bloated I could hardly walk."

By the time he got to Moscow, Ellender seemed to be thoroughly brainwashed with fried watermelon. At a party at Moscow's Sovietskaya Hotel, he gave reporters some of his deeper impressions, while the hand played "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." "If people actually saw countries like the Soviet Union," he drawled, "they would see things in a different light." His trip through the Red wonderland had been "a revelation, different from the impression I had gained from the State Department."

Not every tourist shared such rosy impressions. "I think the Soviet Union is playing the greatest confidence game in history," said Representative Pat Hillings (R., Calif.) after three weeks behind the Curtain. "[They] are trying to lull the free world . . ."

Senator Ellender's main revelation for the folks back home: In little more than a week in Russia, "I saw enough and talked with enough people to confirm that the Russians don't want war." It did not take Molly Malone long to arrive at the same conclusion. "There is no evidence that the Russians are preparing to go to war," Malone announced flatly after nine days of sifting the evidence in Moscow. Therefore, he thought, the U.S. should reduce taxes and armed forces. He had also discovered another fascinating fact: "There is no evidence the people are going to rise against the Soviet regime." That being the case, thought Molly, the Voice of America is "pointless and wasteful."

The more Molly talked, the warmer his

reception became. During an interview with Soviet Commissars Georgy Malenkov and Lazar Kaganovich, Malone enthusiastically toasted co-existence, and then impetuously offered the Russians a Senate report on strategic minerals in the Western hemisphere—a report they already had. Malone's conduct puzzled his friends at home. Wrote New York *Daily News* Columnist John O'Donnell: "If Molly has been softened up in Moscow, is it safe to let any of our legislators visit the Soviet Union?"

"You're Uncultured!" While Malone and Ellender hogged the limelight, other traveling Americans tried wistfully to get into the act. Justice William O. Douglas and his wife posed for pictures in front of Lenin's tomb; Alabama's Senator John Sparkman turned up at the ballet, and a familiar figure ambled through Moscow's subway stations, thrusting out his hand to the mystified citizens. Estes Kefauver seemed about to enter the preferential primaries in the Moscow *oblast*. One Sunday, The Keef toured Moscow's churches, delivered a speech at the Evangelical Baptists' Church. Afterwards, The Keef made one of the profound observations for which he is noted. Said he: "If the Soviets continue relaxing religious repression, I think there will be a great increase in religious observance."

Sometimes the travelers ran into iron barriers. Representative Joe Holt (R., Calif.) got back to Washington last week and announced that a Red army lieutenant in a Moscow suburb had held him up at gunpoint when he attempted to take pictures of a Moscow church. "He poked a gun about a foot from my face," Holt said, "and it was cocked, and he shouted, 'You're uncultured, you're uncultured.' Holt couldn't let a chance like that to pick up a few votes go by. "I sure am," he said he replied.



ELLENDER & HILLINGS IN RUSSIA
In Molly's fall, a poll for all.

Prisoner Release—& After

For six weeks in Geneva, ambassadors of the U.S. and Red China have been deliberating "in regard to limited subjects." Last week they agreed on one of them. Said Red China's Ambassador Wang Ping-nan to U.S. Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson: "The People's Republic of China recognizes that Americans . . . who desire to return to the U.S. are entitled to do so." Out of Red China will come 41 U.S. citizens—including 26 victims of long jail terms and three of house arrest, eleven who have long been denied exit permits, all illegally detained.

For their release the U.S. made a down payment. It agreed that India might enquire into the cases of any of the 117,000 Chinese in the U.S. who might claim to the Indian embassy that they are being prevented from going home.

Objects of Captivity. Of the 41 civilians on the bargaining table, 21 are missionaries, six are businessmen, two are students and two are civilian employees of the U.S. Army. Another, who had not applied for an exit permit but was now expected to leave, was Roman Catholic Bishop James E. Walsh, 64. Bishop Walsh had continued church services after the Communist victory; he dared the Communists to persecute him alone with younger missionaries, saying: "The others have done no more nor less than I." Other church folk due to come home: Levi A. Lovegren, 66, supervisor of the Baptist missionaries in western China, imprisoned since January 1951 for "espionage"; Sarah Perkins and Dorothy Middleton, Presbyterian missionaries to a colony of lepers at Lienhsien, imprisoned since February 1951 for "sabotage."

Points of Divergence. U.S. Ambassador Johnson is now committed to move on to Point Two of the agenda for Geneva, namely: "settlement of certain other practical matters." He will canvass the possibility of Red China's agreement to the U.S. principle of "no recourse to force." The U.S. also wants to explore the chances for a cease-fire in the Formosa Strait. But Ambassador Wang's Red China defines the "other matters" quite differently: 1) peaceful conquest of Formosa, 2) lifting of the U.S. and U.N. embargoes on trade with China in strategic materials, 3) membership in the U.N., 4) "strict fulfillment of the 1954 Geneva treaty on Indo-China," meaning the surrender of South Viet Nam in July 1956 by the means of rigged and inadequately supervised elections.

What the U.S. says next at Geneva and the way in which Red China responds might decide whether there is to be a confrontation between senior diplomats at which Red China's fourfold proposition will be answered. President Eisenhower recently declared: "Now we must find out what they want to talk about. Then there should have to be a next advance and it might be . . . eventually you have to go to a ministerial level or meeting to get these straightened out."

THE LAW

The Tension of Change

[See Cover]

One midnight in the bitter year 1932, two journalists—one white, one Negro—walked south along Philadelphia's Broad Street in a steady drizzle. They were talking of the Negro problem, the white man with a vehement impatience for justice, his companion more calmly and out of a deeper feeling for the scope and depth of the subject. Before parting, they stood a while under the marquee of the old Broad Street Station. Across the square under the arcade of city hall, dozens of men, wrapped in newspapers, slept. Panhandlers and a few night-shift apple-sellers stood on corners. A bus from upstate unloaded job-seekers; a bus for upstate loaded job-seekers. Soggy streetwalkers drifted to and fro in a depressed market. The Negro concluded the conversation: "After all, the very most we can hope for is complete political, economic and social equality with the white man." Then, gazing at the Hogarthian scene, he added, not desirously but with compassion: "And look at the white man."

In the bright, lush September of 1955, in a day of confidence—as in a time of despair—the central problems of U.S. whites and Negroes again blended into one: how to shape law, government, customs, practices, schools, factories, unions and farms in ways more consistent with man's nature and man's hopes. How, within the enduring framework of U.S. society, to let one change call forth another in some reasonably harmonious order.

One of the most important changes on the U.S. scene in September 1955, as the nation's children trooped back to school, was the astounding progress of racial desegregation. In Kansas City, Mo., and Oklahoma City, in Oak Ridge, and Charleston, W. Va., white and Negro children for the first time sat together in classrooms. This simple fact, part of a vast and complex social revolution, resulted from a legal victory: the U.S. Supreme Court's decisions of May 17, 1954 and May 31, 1955, holding segregated schools contrary to the 14th Amendment.

For Conscience & Repute. The name indelibly stamped on this victory is that of Thurgood Marshall, 47, counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is at his sincerest and loudest (and that is very sincere and quite loud) in declaring that he is only one of the millions, white and Negro, whose courage, sweat, skill, imagination and common sense made the victory possible. Like all great victories, the school-desegregation decision opened up terrifying vistas of future obstacles and perils for all Americans. Most centrally and immediately, Marshall must deal with the future course of desegregation and the intertwined issues of the social revolution of which he is a leading figure. He cannot set the course, not even for the N.A.A.C.P. But what he decides to do about a thou-



Leslie Blond

SCHOOLMATES IN SAN ANTONIO*

Together and equal.

sand practical legal questions will interact powerfully with the decisions and attitudes of other men of similar and quite different and opposite views. The resultant of these forces will determine the pace, the style and the success of an effort to remove from U.S. life a paralyzing sting in its conscience and the ugliest blot upon its good name in the world.

Failure to achieve an orderly solution of the Negro problem would be—and this Thurgood Marshall feels deeply—much more than defeat for the Negro. It would be a failure at the very core of the American genius—it's capacity for constructing forms strong and shrewd enough to withstand the tensions of change. From the nation's start, its three chief resources have been its fabulous mines of law, politics and social (including economic) organization. The abundance of material things—the bales of cotton, bushels of corn, ingots of steel—is a byproduct of these three primary riches, not the take from a geographic roulette wheel or the hoard of materialist greed.

Today's drive of the U.S. Negro toward equality is as strong as any social tide in Asia or Africa or Europe. At the centers of those other drives for change stand agitators, conspirators, men of violence. The strength and flexibility of the U.S. Constitution make possible the fact that the man at the vortex of the Negro issue in the U.S. is a constitutional lawyer.

The Sore Arm. His is a highly technical calling. The Constitution itself is a complex work of statecraft, put together by some of the most sophisticated political scientists who ever lived. Along with the document there is the constitutional residue of 168 years (this Saturday) of intense legal, political and social history—a coral-like cathedral of precedent, compromise, balance and bold interpretation. It takes scholars to move in this maze—and Thurgood Marshall is a sound, conscientious, imaginative legal scholar, although by no means the best of his day.

Technical skill is not all a U.S. constitutional lawyer needs. The job is to apply the Constitution to life, which will not sit still. For example, in the mid-20th century it became a fact of life that millions of

U.S. Negroes could not feel themselves clothed in the minimum dignity of men as long as they suffered under certain legal disabilities. And millions of Southern whites, with an intensity perhaps equal to that of the Negroes, resist the change the Negroes feel they must have. A constitutional lawyer involved in this conflict must understand men as well as the legal technicalities through which their raw emotions may, without violence, be composed into a more or less successful image of justice.

Thurgood Marshall's feeling of love and awe for the Constitution is exceeded only by his love and awe toward his clients: the Negroes, and especially the Negroes of the South and the border states, who, facing threats of firing, or beating or even death, continue to sign the legal petitions and complaints that must be the starting point of Marshall's cases from the slum and the cotton field to the high and technical levels of the Supreme Court.

Of these local N.A.A.C.P. leaders in the South, Marshall says: "There isn't a threat known to men that they do not receive. They're never out from under pressure. I don't think I could take it for a week. The possibility of violent death for them and their families is something they've learned to live with like a man learns to sleep with a sore arm."

The Big Stretch. Marshall must stretch all the way from an understanding of this simple horror to the labyrinthine subtleties and the well-yoked ambiguities that form the mind of Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter. He must stretch from his hatred of inequality to a recognition that much of the opposition to Negro equality is just as honestly felt as his own convictions. ("Some of my best friends are Dixiecrats—but they're honest Dixiecrats.") He must stretch all the way from an idealist's demand for nothing less than justice ("On the racial issue, you can't be a little bit wrong any more than you can be a little bit pregnant or a little bit dead") to a practical lawyer's acceptance of what he

* Robert Fouga and Hazel Woodward, first-graders in San Antonio's desegregated Pauline Nelson elementary school.

can get when he knows he can get no more.

So stretched, his tense personality reflects the tensions of his job and his time and his nation. And somehow, also, his personality reflects the symmetry of the Constitution he serves and expounds. "Thurgood," says a psychologist friend, "is a delicate balance of turmoils."

He is a big (6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs.), quick-footed man, with a voice that can be soft or raucous, manners that can be rude or gentle or courtly, and an emotional pattern that swings him like a pendulum from the serious to the absurd. His dignity can slide easily into arrogance and his humility into self-abasement, but not for long. Humor—his own humor—brings him back toward center. Marshall will listen so avidly to his colleagues' scholarship that he has been called a brain-picker, but he trades jokes

Out of the Congo. Thurgood Marshall says: "American Negroes have no ties with Africa. Their history begins right here." Nevertheless, like a Virginia gentleman recalling the ancestral manor in Gloucestershire, Marshall begins his family history in the old country with a great-grandfather on his mother's side. "Way back before the Civil War, this rich man from Maryland went to the Congo on a hunting expedition or something. The whole time he was there, this little black boy trailed him around. So when they got ready to come back to this country, they just picked him up and brought him along. The years passed and he grew up, and, boy, he grew up into one mean man. One day his owner came to him and said: 'You're so evil I got to get rid of you. But I haven't the heart to sell you or give you to another man. So I'll tell you what I'll



Francis DiGennaro

MOTHER MARSHALL AT WORK (IN BALTIMORE)
Aristocracy means a chance to serve.

with no man. Around him, the ceaseless flow of anecdotes is all outward. Buffoonery relaxes his tense spiritual muscles. Buffoonery and work. After the long, argumentative conferences, after the horseplay and the backslapping, when he goes home to his lonely Harlem apartment, he becomes Thurgood Marshall the scholar, reading, noting, thinking, remembering—late into the night almost every night.

He walks into a cheap Harlem bar and is greeted by friendly smiles, not because of what he has done for his race (the bartenders probably don't know who he is), but because they know him as a man who tells funny stories about cotton hands and baseball games and "that little ol' boy down in Texas." He walks into the Supreme Court and is greeted by respectful nods, not because he is a crusader, but because the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court know they can speak to Thurgood Marshall as lawyer to lawyer, technician to technician.

do: if you'll get out of the town and county and state, I'll give you your freedom.' Well, my great-grandfather never said a word, just looked at him. And he walked off the place, settled down a couple miles away, raised his family and lived there till the day he died. And nobody ever laid a hand on him."

This most un-African parable of independence is succeeded in Marshall's repertory of family stories by his paternal grandfather, "a rough and tough sailor-man. He never knew what his first name was so he took two—Thoroughgood and Thornygood. He drew two sailor's pensions till the day he died—one in each name. I was named Thoroughgood after him, but by the time I was in the second grade, I got tired of spelling all that and shortened it."

His maternal grandfather, Isaiah O. B. (for Olive Branch, he said) Williams, also went to sea, came home with money and a taste for opera and Shakespeare. He

opened a grocery on Baltimore's Denmeade Street, and sired six children. The first was Avonia Delicia and the second Avon (both for the bard's river), the third was Denmedia Marketta (for the store), another was Norma Arica (he heard *Norma* in Arica, a Chilean port) and the remaining two, for reasons lost to history, were Fearless Mentor and Ravine Silestria.

Isaiah bought a house next to a white man who turned surly and mean. One day the neighbor repeated because the party fence between their property needed fixing; he suggested that they do the job together. "After all," said the white man, "we belong to the same church and are going to the same heaven." But Isaiah, remembering the slights he had received, turned down the olive branch. "I'd rather go to hell," he snapped.

The chip-on-the-shoulder tradition was shared by Thurgood's father, Will, a dining-car worker on the B. & O. and later steward of Baltimore clubs, including the Gibson Island club, a yachtsman's paradise with jellyfish for serpents. Will, light-skinned and blue-eyed, used to tell Thurgood and his brother Aubrey, "If anyone calls you nigger, you not only got my permission to fight him—you got my orders to fight him." Once, Thurgood followed orders. Delivery boy for a hat store, he was trying to board a trolley with a stack of hats so high he "couldn't see over or around them. I was climbing aboard when a white man yanked me backwards. 'Nigguh,' he said, 'don't you push in front of no white lady again.' I hadn't seen any white lady, so I tore into him. The hats scattered all over the street, and we both got arrested."

Scroonched Down. Will Marshall was always saying that he would "sleep in the streets" rather than betray his principles. Thurgood says it too. But Thurgood is no fanatic, and he has no martyr complex. He tells two stories to prove it.

When his father got him a summer dining-car job on the B. & O., lanky Thurgood Marshall complained to the chief steward that his white waiter's pants were too short. "Boy," said the steward, "we can get a man to fit the pants a lot easier than we can get pants to fit the man. Why don't you just kinda scroonch down in 'em a little more?" Says Thurgood: "I scroonched."

The other story happened years later when Lawyer Marshall was in a small Mississippi town, waiting for a train to Shreveport, La.

"I was out there on the platform, trying to look small, when this cold-eyed man with a gun on his hip comes up. 'Nigguh,' he said, 'I thought you ought to know the sun ain't nevuh set on a live nigguh in this town.' So I wrapped my constitutional rights in Cellophane, tucked 'em in my hip pocket and got out of sight. And, believe me, I caught the next train out of there."

Whence this caution, moderation and restraint? Thurgood's mother, Norma Arica, has been for 38 years a Baltimore schoolteacher and numbers six other

REPORT CARD

Progress of the States Toward School Desegregation

As the new school year began, 17 Southern and border states had widely varying records of compliance with

the Supreme Court's order to enforce desegregation with "all deliberate speed." The states' report cards:

ALABAMA: Grade F. "Not one of the school boards has made any move to try to work out anything," a top Negro attorney correctly reports. The Alabama state legislature recently enacted a "Placement Bill," over the veto of Governor James ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom, empowering local school boards to place pupils in schools upon such considerations as "the psychological qualifications of the pupil for the type of teaching and associations involved . . . the possibility of breaches of peace or ill will or economic retaliation within the community."

ARKANSAS: Grade C Plus. "It is a problem that must be left to the people of the local districts to solve," said Governor Orval E. Faubus. Four of the state's 228 interracial school districts are integrating this fall, moving 49 Negro children in, along with about 2,170 whites. Little Rock (pop. 102,213) will integrate its 24% Negro student population in the high schools in 1957, the junior high schools in 1958. The University of Arkansas held its first integrated summer session this year.

DELAWARE: Grade C. In Wilmington (pop. 110,356), 13 city schools will integrate this fall; 900 Negro students will attend formerly all-white schools, while 50 whites will attend all-Negro schools. In New Castle County (Wilmington), 14 out of 20 school boards intend to integrate. But in Kent and Sussex Counties, officials of only one (the city of Dover) out of 27 white school districts intend to heed the Supreme Court.

FLORIDA: Grade D. State law prohibits the mixing of races in schools, but on three bases of the U.S. Air Force, white and Negro pupils will integrate this fall. Negro parents have filed petitions for integration in four counties.

GEORGIA: Grade F. No desegregation anywhere.

KENTUCKY: Grade B Plus. Governor Lawrence Wetherby and his education officials promise to enact the Supreme Court mandate. Out of 224 school districts, including that of Lexington, 20 or 25 will integrate this fall. Louisville (pop. 369,129), where Jim Crow barriers are fast crumbling, will integrate in 1956. Segregation bars are down at all the state colleges and most private colleges and universities.

LOUISIANA: Grade F. State schools will not be integrated this fall, or in the foreseeable future. New Orleans Catholic authorities will not integrate their parochial schools "this year." The Louisiana state legislature voted \$100,000 to hire attorneys to contest integration lawsuits at every level.

MARYLAND: Grade B Minus. In Baltimore (pop. 949,708), formal integration of the city schools is one year old, although only about 4% of Negro pupils are actually in mixed schools. Statewide, eight out of 22 counties with mixed populations plan to integrate this fall; several others will integrate next year. Maryland will also integrate its five state teachers' colleges before the end of 1955. Last week in Washington County, where the Union won the victory at Antietam that encouraged President Lincoln to publish his Emancipation Proclamation, 73 Negro children registered for all-white schools. Maryland's Eastern Shore, however, contrives to preserve segregation by devious means; e.g., two counties run school buses only along last year's routes so that Negroes have to attend their old segregated schools or walk.

MISSISSIPPI: Grade F. No move to desegregate.

MISSOURI: Grade A. State education authorities estimate that 55,000 (80%) of Missouri's Negro children are now studying alongside 550,000 whites; there has been no friction.

NORTH CAROLINA: Grade C Minus. Governor Luther Hodges' idea is that whites and Negroes should combine to make what he calls "a voluntary choice of separate schools"; he threatens to close public schools rather than desegregate them. Some industrial cities—Charlotte, Greensboro, Durham—have appointed committees to study the Supreme Court decision. A federal court ruled last week that the University of North Carolina must process the applications of three Negro undergraduates.

OKLAHOMA: Grade B Plus. "I think without question we are in advance of any other [Southern] state," said a Negro newspaper editor in Oklahoma City, adding: "I am utterly surprised . . ." At least 88 out of 1,802 school districts will integrate in Oklahoma this week, including Oklahoma City and Tulsa. All 18 of the state universities and colleges plan to integrate this fall. Much of this impetus comes from Governor Raymond Gary, who insists that his state will not defy the Supreme Court, and from Superintendent of Public Instruction Dr. Oliver Hodge. Says Hodge: "Our attitude is that they're all just children . . ." One Oklahoma problem: most integrated classes are awarded to white teachers, throwing about 200 Negro teachers out of work.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Grade F. South Carolina's general assembly is on record to the effect that 1) school districts permitting integration will be denied state funds, 2) races must not intermingle in public buildings. The N.A.A.C.P. has filed 17 petitions asking school districts to "carry out the full intent of the U.S. Supreme Court decree."

TENNESSEE: Grade C. On Oct. 17 a federal court in Memphis (pop. 396,000) will try an N.A.A.C.P. test lawsuit designed to admit five Negro undergraduates to Memphis State College—about 85% of whose students are said to favor the move. Tennessee intends gradually to integrate all six of its state-supported colleges. Nashville has a committee studying integration; Chattanooga recently voted for integration, but not this year. Federal-run Oak Ridge (pop. 30,229) has the only integrated school system in the state.

TEXAS: Grade C Plus. San Antonio (pop. 408,442), where two Negro slaves survived the siege of the Alamo, opened its 94 schools to 5,995 Negro children this week. More than 60 out of the state's 2,000 school districts—including El Paso, Corpus Christi and Austin—will begin to integrate this fall; Dallas (pop. 434,462) plans to integrate at an "indefinite" date. Houston (pop. 506,163) indicates an intent to comply. Every branch of the University of Texas will be open to Negroes in the fall of 1956.

VIRGINIA: Grade D Plus. Governor Thomas B. Stanley says that he will "use every legal power at my command to continue segregated schools." His State Commission on Public Education is examining legal ways of preventing integration. Prince Edward County operates white schools on a month-to-month funding basis, ready to shut down rather than desegregate. Norfolk (pop. 213,513) proclaims that it intends to uphold the Supreme Court decision, but state law forbids it. Richmond recently dropped a pilot plan to integrate a few Negroes into white junior high schools.

WEST VIRGINIA: Grade A Minus. About 35 of the state's 55 counties will begin to integrate this fall. Ten counties have no Negroes, and nine continue to run segregated all-white and all-Negro schools. Charleston (pop. 73,501) integrated its schools' first, second and seventh grades last week, reported that all went well.

schoolteachers among her own and her husband's close relatives. As a teacher, she was among the aristocrats of Negro Baltimore, and her feeling about white-Negro relationships is balanced and moderated by her sense of service and leadership among her own people.

Up from the Basement. In all-Negro Douglas High School, one of Marshall's uncles gave him an A in algebra, but in grammar school he was repeatedly punished for breaking rules. Day after day, the principal sentenced Marshall to the basement, and allowed him to leave only when he had learned a section of the U.S. Constitution. "Before I left that school," he says, "I knew the whole thing by heart." He does not contend that the seeds of his career sprouted in the basement, but such discipline did reinforce a respect for authority, which he retains in uneasy balance with the strongly rebellious elements in his makeup.

He went off to Lincoln University, near Chester, Pa., an institution then with an all-Negro student body and an all-white faculty. The important event of his undergraduate years occurred at the Cherry Street Memorial Church in Philadelphia: "We went in there because we learned that's where all the cute chicks went." The one he met was Buster Burey. "First we decided to get married five years after I graduated, then three, then one, and we

finally did just before I started my last semester." (Buster died of lung cancer last February. They had no children.)

Marshall decided to try law school. The University of Maryland was barred to him, so he commuted to Howard University in Washington. Within a week Marshall knew that "this was it. This was what I wanted to do for as long as I lived." Only a fair college student, he had to meet very tough standards at Howard. "I got through simply by overwhelming the job. I was at it 20 hours a day, seven days a week."

On to the N.A.A.C.P. Out of Howard, he hopefully hung out a shingle in Baltimore (his mother took the rug off her living-room floor to put in his office). Nothing happened. It was 1933, and hardly anybody was worth suing. Marshall's practice lost him \$1,000 the first year.

The next year he did better, building up a well-to-do clientele and a reputation, but he was increasingly involved in low-fee, hard-work cases on civil rights. In a Maryland court, he won separate-but-equal status for a client, Donald Murray, at the University of Maryland School of Law, a right about which he felt strongly. To the N.A.A.C.P. leaders, this victory tagged him as a really effective attorney in the N.A.A.C.P.'s kind of case.

In 1936 he went to work for the N.A.A.C.P. "temporarily" under his old

law-school mentor, Charles Houston. By 1938 admitted it was a permanent double-time job. His salary then was \$2,600 a year. (Present salary: \$15,000.)

The N.A.A.C.P. was winning graduate school cases in the courts, but the defendant states complied merely by setting up separate "schools" for one or two students. "It was beginning to look as though every time we won a lawsuit we were working our way deeper into the separate-but-equal hole. The fact was we just weren't ready to tackle segregation as an evil per se. We didn't know enough."

Before World War II Marshall had succeeded Houston as chief counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. He won some key victories against a union which had closed-shop contracts but discriminated against Negroes; against discrimination in the U.S. Air Corps, a long step toward the present desegregation of the armed forces; against the Democratic Party of Texas, which claimed that it was a private organization and could make its own rules barring Negroes from voting in primary elections.

The River Pilots. Toward the end of the war, N.A.A.C.P. leaders began to face the failure concealed in the success of its separate-but-equal victories. In 1945 a group of 100 N.A.A.C.P. leaders, mostly lawyers, met in Manhattan. Marshall recalls: "Like somebody at the meeting said, while it was true a lot of us might die without ever seeing the goal realized, we were going to have to change directions if our children weren't going to die as black bastards too. So we decided to make segregation itself our target."

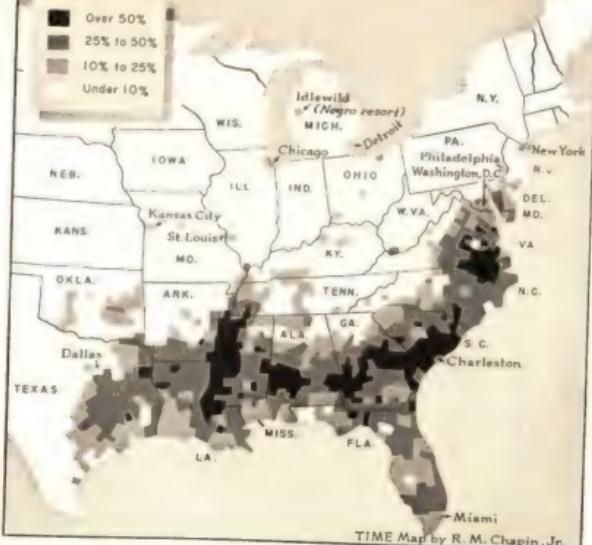
"Segregation itself" had long been a target of Negro spokesmen. But Thurgood Marshall is not primarily a Negro spokesman; he is a constitutional lawyer. The problem facing him and his colleagues was how to attack segregation itself on legal grounds. The weight of the precedents ran against them. Where would they find evidence to turn the balance?

The answer was peculiarly contemporary and peculiarly American. Just as U.S. military staffs swim—and sometimes drown—in rivers of expert reports, just as U.S. business turns more and more to specialized organizers of facts, so Marshall & Co. mobilized a small army of psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and anthropologists to prove what every Negro among them believed to be obvious: that segregated education could not be "equal."

The night before a Supreme Court school-segregation argument, Marshall & Co. went through an interesting exercise at Howard University. Dean Houston years before had started moot courts, with lawyers on the bench and students in the courtroom all trying to anticipate hard questions that the Supreme Court Justices might ask. A student threw the N.A.A.C.P. men into a nose dive by asking how they would get around an old Supreme Court decision upholding a Louisiana law which said nobody could be a Mississippi River pilot whose father hadn't been. Marshall & Co. worked far into the night on that

PATTERNS OF COLOR

Percent of Negroes to Total Population by Counties - 1950 Census



one. Next day, it turned out to be one of the first questions Justice Frankfurter asked. Marshall took evasive action and Frankfurter, the record indicates, was diverted if not satisfied.

"I Was So Happy." In the Supreme Court arguments, Marshall was facing the man who for 30 years had been the most prestigious U.S. constitutional lawyer: John W. Davis. For weeks Marshall had been overworked, nervous, irritable. In court he was, as always, calm, polite, quick to grasp the inferences of a question, never loud, never oratorical. At one point he managed to get into a few potent sentences his analysis of the South's attitude:

"I got the feeling on hearing the discussion yesterday," he said, "that when you put a white child in a school with a whole lot of colored children, the child would fall apart or something. Everybody knows that is not true. Those same kids in Virginia and South Carolina—and I have seen them do it—they play in the streets together, they play on their farms together, they go down the road together, they separate to go to school, they come out of school and play ball together. They have to be separated in school . . . Why, of all the multitudinous groups of people in this country, [do] you have to single out the Negroes and give them this separate treatment? It can't be because of slavery in the past, because there are very few groups in this country that haven't had slavery some place back in the history of their groups. It can't be color, because there are Negroes as white as the drifted snow, with blue eyes, and they are just as segregated as the colored men. The only thing it can be is an inherent determination that the people who were formerly in slavery, regardless of anything else, shall be kept as near that stage as is possible. And now is the time, we submit, that this court should make it clear that that is not what our Constitution stands for."

This, and Marshall's social-scientist approach, paid off. In his opinion for the whole court, Chief Justice Earl Warren in sentence after sentence reflected the conviction that under present conditions of U.S. life, education could not be separate and equal. When he heard the decision read, says Thurgood Marshall: "I was so happy, I was numb."

Unchanging Instrument. He has a profound respect for the federal judiciary. He has tried case after case before Southern federal judges, whose convictions on the subject of segregation he knows to be diametrically opposed to his own. "And they believe what they believe just as hard as I believe what I believe." In all those cases, before all those judges, Marshall remembers only one judge who was, in his opinion, unfair and discourteous.

Marshall knows that he and the Southern federal judges he respects are checked by the same steely framework of the Anglo-American legal tradition and, especially, the U.S. Constitution. He says: "The difference between the Constitution and the law is something a lot of people

don't seem to appreciate. The law can fluctuate because of the changing whims of the people and their legislators. But the whole purpose of the Constitution is to serve as an instrument which cannot be changed overnight, which does not change when mores and customs change."

Southerners charge that Marshall was instrumental in "changing the Constitution" in the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. But from his point of view—and from the court's—he merely produced new evidence to show that the old rule of separate-but-equal (*Plessy v. Fer-*

one) doesn't work. Where it approaches or exceeds 50%, the end can hardly be imagined. Yet Marshall will not accept a theoretical solution that the only chance for desegregation in Mississippi and other parts of the Deep South is a mass migration of Negroes that will drastically change population percentages (see map). Perhaps he remembers his ancestor from the Congo, who would not leave the state even for his manumission.

Last week, after vacation, Thurgood Marshall was back in Manhattan, dealing briskly with scores of tactical decisions in



APPOINTMENT IN HAVANA
A delicate balance of turmoils.

C. Arias

guson, 1896) did not really give the equality before the law which the 14th Amendment guarantees.

Hard to Procrastinate. Achieving desegregation, county by county, school district by school district, throws upon Marshall a tremendous load of responsibility and decision. The present picture from state to state varies over a wide range (see Report Card). Oklahoma is, from N.A.A.C.P.'s standpoint, surprisingly good. North Carolina surprisingly bad. In some areas, Marshall may not want, for tactical reasons, to bring suit now—but when local N.A.A.C.P. people urge him, he finds it bitterly hard to procrastinate, lest those men and women who sign the petitions feel that the N.A.A.C.P. has let them down. In other areas, he might want to proceed more vigorously, but clients, because of fear, do not come forward. Marshall does not blame them. He remembers the time when he scrounged down in his B. & O. pants, and the time on the Mississippi railroad platform when he wrapped his constitutional rights in Cellophane.

Generally speaking, segregation is ending in areas where Negro population is less than 10%. Where it ranges between 10% and 25%, the fight may not be too hard.

the desegregation fight. Across the land, he guided and coordinated the work of scores of lawyers in one of the biggest legal operations in U.S. history. He seemed fresh and rested, though the vacation, his first in eight years, had been a mockery.

Work caught up with him at Miami, and at the end of the job his nerve ends were raw. He was in a mood of acute awareness of how far he and his cause had come, and at the same time, he felt a strong sense of how hard and long was the road ahead. He did not want merely to win, but to win in the way that would cause least pain to Negro and white and reflect the most credit on the U.S. Constitution.

Stretched on the rack of one of the tensest and most exciting careers in the U.S. today, Thurgood Marshall in Miami said: "I'm gonna take a two-day vacation to rest from my vacation. I'm going to Havana. Never been there; hear they treat a man fine." The ghost of an anticipatory smile flitted over his face; then the pained look came back. "Don't know why I'm going to Havana," he said slowly. "Trouble is when I get there, you know who I'm gonna find there, too?"

"Me."

NEWS IN PICTURES



Central Studio

FIRST MISS AMERICA: 1921

THE SEARCH FOR A QUEEN

BACK home in Grand Island, Neb., she wore glasses, admired Marlon Brando, taught Sunday School at the First Christian Church, worked in a dress shop during her high-school vacations, and learned to bake a fine fudge cake. Then, a year ago, red-haired Sharon Kay Ritchie went off to study at Colorado Woman's College in Denver. By the end of the year she was voted the outstanding freshman, class president, and freshman beauty queen. Last fortnight, as Miss Colorado, she headed east to Atlantic City to compete against 50 other girls for the Miss America title. For a week they whirled around in the annual ritual that is also a \$1,000,000 promotional business. Chaperones guarded them, parents drilled them, pressagents guided them, report-

DRESSING ROOM, behind scenes at Atlantic City's Convention Hall, was

busy with last-minute makeup before final night's judging of the contestants.



DEEMS TAYLOR, composer and critic, bends to difficult task of rating finalists as one of the panel of ten noted judges.



Photographs by Ike Voss





MISS ARIZONA (Beth Andre) did an original comedy monologue of adlib-pated girl trying to learn to play golf.



MISS IOWA (Kay Taylor) used yellow chair prop for interpretive dance, "On Reading Mr. Freud."

QUEEN AND RUNNERS-UP: The new Miss America, in diamond tiara, is flanked by finalists. From left: Ann Campbell,

Miss Oklahoma; Clara Faye Arnold, Miss North Carolina; Dorothy Johnson, Miss Oregon; Florence Gallagher, Miss Chicago.



FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

The Visitor

Only 14 years before, Nazi troops were probing to within 20 miles of Moscow; and behind them half a million square miles of Russia lay charred. Only ten years before, a sullen shuffle of a defeated captured Nazi army marched on dismal parade through Moscow's streets. And now, with a rattle of drums, a blare of horns and the clatter of a goose-stepping honor guard, the leader of the new Germany was received in Moscow.

There was no suggestion of the intimi-

Konrad Adenauer got down to the business that had taken him into the camp of his antagonists. "This," he said with a point to his words, "is the first contact between representatives of the Soviet Union and the German people."

Thus the duel began, with Adenauer's calculated and contemptuous dismissal of the Communist regime of East Germany.

In the "chancellery on wheels," before the first session began, Adenauer counseled with his aides. They had few expectations. The fact of the Kremlin's invitation to Adenauer—the formal recognition of a man they had so long reviled as an

Tobacco smoke made ribbons beneath two huge, dazzling chandeliers, as Konrad Adenauer drew his steel-stiff frame close to the table.

He began with an assurance: "You will not find anybody in Germany—not only among responsible politicians but also among the whole population—who even remotely entertains the notion that any of the great political problems awaiting a solution could be served by means of war." He extended that sentiment to his NATO allies. Since the Kremlin had made him come and discuss "the normalization of relations," Adenauer laid down his terms. "I do not think it will suffice to outlaw war, to create security systems and to establish, so to speak, in a mechanical way, diplomatic, economic and cultural relations," said Adenauer. Two important Soviet deeds were necessary:

¶ The return of Germans still imprisoned in Russia, said by Bonn to number 80,000 to 100,000. "It is an unbearable thought," said Adenauer, "that more than ten years after the end of hostilities, human beings . . . should be kept away from . . . their homes. It is unthinkable to establish 'normal' relations so long as this question remains unsolved."

¶ The reunification of Germany, with freedom to choose or reject its alliances. "We are, I believe, in agreement that the division of Germany creates an intolerable situation."

The first day's session ended, and was followed by an evening of pleasant festivities. Next day, it was Premier Bulganin's turn to answer.

"Mr. Adenauer has expressed his desire to conduct the negotiations in a spirit of complete frankness," said Bulganin, "We would like to do the same thing." He repeated Russia's insistence that German membership in the Western alliance had created an "obstacle" to reunification. And as for the prisoners still held in Russia, "there is a definite misunderstanding. There are no German prisoners of war . . . only war criminals from the former Hitlerite army . . . 9,626 such people."

Terrible Things. Slowly, deliberately Bulganin summoned back the terrible memories that had been lying all along just beneath the thin veneer of cheerfulness. "The Soviet people cannot forget . . . the shooting of 70,000 people at Babi Yar . . . the millions of people shot, gassed or burned alive in the German concentration camps . . . Majdanek . . . Oswiecim . . . Kharkov." It rolled out like a litany, "Smolensk . . . Krasnodar . . . Lvov." The 9,626 imprisoned Germans were paying for those crimes, said Bulganin. If they were released at all, it could only be through negotiations in which Adenauer would have to sit down with the East German Communists.

Adenauer listened tensely, his face even paler than usual, then replied to Bulganin. It was wrong, he said, to blame all Germans for what the Nazis did: "A great part of them were against Hitler and an



BULGANIN, ADENAUER & KRUSHCHEV SHAKING HANDS IN MOSCOW
Up the visitor's sleeve, a sharp point.

dated, the vanquished or the bidden about Konrad Adenauer's visit. The Germans traveled east with a showy, if not disdainful, display of self-reliance. A gleaming, 13-car train, a "chancellery on wheels," pulled in the day before carrying a huge entourage, with the Germans' own communications, their own police, Mercedes sedans, and huge stocks of their own food (sauerkraut, sausages, choice wines). Even the motorized gangway that pulled up to the door of Adenauer's Super Constellation had been shipped in ahead.

The Duelists. The first German Chancellor ever to visit Russia relieved this aura of bristly independence with a friendly smile as he stepped lightly down the gangway and grasped the warmly extended hand of Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin.

"May this be the beginning of . . . normal good relations between Germany and the Soviet Union," said Adenauer to the beaming reception committee of high Soviet officials. But even before the spoken formalities and the strains of West Germany's *Deutschland Lied* were carried off by the brisk autumn wind, tough old

enemy, of a regime they had refused to recognize—was in itself bigger than anything that the visit itself was likely to produce. The Russians wanted to talk about formal diplomatic and economic relations between Moscow and Bonn, and to consider Germany's reunification only at the price of West Germany's withdrawal from the Western alliance. Adenauer had already agreed with the U.S., Britain and France to refrain at Moscow from any dithering on such terms. Adenauer had a slight hope that the Russians, to encourage diplomatic relations, might be persuaded to return some of the Germans still imprisoned in Russia since World War II. Beyond that, what took place at Moscow hinged on the wary testing game that was about to be played, and on the unpredictable behavior of the Russians.

Fast & Frank. In the marbled, white-and-gold music room of Spiridonovka palace (once a Czarist millionaire's mansion), the antagonists faced off. Bulganin, flanked by Khrushchev and Molotov, sat with the morning sun at his back. Chancellor Adenauer, with Foreign Minister Brentano at his elbow, sat facing them.

overwhelming part were against war." No one would deny that the Soviet Union had suffered enormously during the war, said he. "But when Russian troops entered Germany, terrible things happened too."

Burly Nikita Khrushchev stirred out of his silence. Adenauer's charge of Russian atrocities, he said, was "offensive." He was visibly as agitated as Adenauer had been. "The Russian soldiers fulfilled their sacred duties for their people," he said. "If many Germans perished, far more Russians perished. After all, who is responsible? We did not cross any frontiers. We did not start the war."

Adenauer was not quite finished. He also, he said, had had a bad time under the Nazis. He had even been thrown in jail, where he had had time to worry not only about what the Germans were doing, but also about those foreign nations who were supporting Hitler: a sharp reference to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939.

But as suddenly as it started, the flare of passion subsided: the men facing each other beneath the dazzling chandeliers were professionals who could not afford the easy-out of strong feelings. Nikita Khrushchev, under control again, switched from strong words to soft. One should bury memories of the past, he said, because vengeance is not a good adviser; there must be good relations between Russians and Germans. A cold correctness replaced the honest heat of emotion. When the delegates strode out of the palace that day, Adenauer's face was grim. So far for the conference, said a German, had produced only "an open exchange of blows."

Over the weekend, before the business sessions resumed, there were many attempts to restore cordiality. Adenauer invited all the Russian leaders out to the *dacha* they had lent him outside Moscow. The Russians gave a special performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, starring the great ballerina Ulanova, at the Bolshoi Theater. The ballet closed with the elders, Montague and Capulet, clasping hands in reconciliation. In the special box, 79-year-old Konrad Adenauer rose and grasped the hands of Premier Bulganin and held them high. The audience burst into applause. Next day there was a festive lunch at which Khrushchev got chummy with chubby German Socialist Carlo Schmid, who proved he could outdrink the Russians. Adenauer toasted the "good human relations" he had achieved with Bulganin; and Khrushchev made wisecracks about how Bulganin was bossing everyone around at the picture-taking ("He is not as big as he looks").

But underlying it all was a chill that cordiality could not conceal: a steely and unsentimental confrontation of men, of countries, of codes that were antipathetic to each other. At one point, Khrushchev, essaying a small compliment, remarked that much liberated German wine had reached Russia since the war, and that he had come to like it. "Come visit me, my friend," said Adenauer slowly. "And I will show you that guest wine is much better than liberated wine."

WESTERN EUROPE

Détente & Defense

Never had Europe's beaches been so crowded with holidaymakers, or its roads so filled with cars, or its villagers, from Trondheim to Taranto, so well-dressed and well-fed. The vision of the U.S. President swapping toasts with the masters of Russia had given Europeans to believe that ten years of cold war were over. High wages and full employment seemed evidence that prosperity had come to stay. All this—and the summer weather—begat a mood that the many sensed but few could rightly define. It was relaxation to the English, *détente* to the French, *dis-*

were out on strike in 17 provincial towns. Their demand was for higher wages to match higher prices.

Italian Flirtation. In Italy, *distensione* meant a continuing flirtation with the notion of an "opening to the left"—an alliance between Christian Democratic center parties and the fellow-traveling Nenni Socialists, who still refuse to break their "unity of action" pact with the Communists. The Reds, oozing good-fellowship, as much as implied that "the spirit of Geneva" required all parties to get together. Italy's 2,000,000 unemployed are still the Communists' best asset, but according to a series of tables euphemistically described as a "plan" by Budget Minister Ezio Vanoni, jobs



SIR ANTHONY EDEN & BRITISH TOMMY IN WEAPON PIT
In the air, a defense cutback.

Associated Press

tensione to the Italians, and if everybody else didn't feel that way, the West Europeans weren't interested in listening to the complaint.*

French Emergency. France was the only nation to have a full-scale military emergency on its hands. Half the French army was in action in North Africa, and so were the best divisions of the mobile security police, the nation's last line of defense against Communist violence at home.

Trouble in North Africa costs the French treasury close to 800 million francs (\$2,300,000) a day. Like Indo-China before, it has placed a strain on France's inflated economy. Six months ago, France was enjoying something of a boom, and producing more cars, steel and textiles than ever before in its history. Production is going up, but last week, on their return from the beaches, French workers

* The editor of Zurich's solemn *Swiss Review of World Affairs*, returning from a trip to the U.S., assured his readers last week that the U.S. has just enjoyed "the happiest summer since 1928."

could be found for them all by 1964. The only unanswered question was: where would the money come from to finance the projects that would provide the jobs? Vanoni obviously expected the U.S. to cough it up.

German Remedies. Germany was feeling what might be called the dislocation of prosperity. Burgeoning industry has sucked the labor market dry, forcing up wages and prices; Hamburg's shipbuilding yards and North Hessian heavy industries are plagued by wildcat strikes. Sure to find jobs elsewhere, ten out of every 100 of West Germany's coal miners have left their underground jobs in the past six months. Result: a sharp cutback in coal production. One group of German steel mills was again forced to buy expensive U.S. coal to keep its busy blast furnaces going.

To prevent the German boom from faltering, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard proposed to 1) import foreign labor, probably from Italy, 2) reduce import restrictions, thereby permitting cheaper foreign goods to compete with German

products, forcing prices down. Such remedies met strong resistance from the Socialists and trade unions.

British Inflation. In Britain, too, the bloom was off the boom. British production is higher than it has ever been, but British wages are higher still. The result is a classic case of inflation: too many pounds are chasing too few goods. There was also chronic overemployment. There are 480,000 jobs going begging in British factories. In such a situation, left-wing and Red-run unions have pressed reckless demands for more pay, threatening still further inflation.

Last week, at its annual conference in the seaside town of Southport, Britain's giant Trades Union Congress (membership: 8,000,000) faced the issue of inflation head-on. Its president, Charlie Geddes, lashed out at Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler for slashing taxes before the last election (TIME, May 2), but devoted most of his speech to an eloquent plea for restraint. "If we exploit full employment," he warned, "our children may be exploited by unemployment . . . If we are pricing ourselves out of the export market, we are pricing ourselves out of a job—and that is industrial suicide."

Doing Too Much? To reduce demand—and hold down prices—Rab Butler has twice tightened up on British credit facilities (TIME, Aug. 29). So far all his maneuverings have met with little success. "We are trying to do too many things at once," said Prime Minister Eden last week. "Better roads, modernized railroads, more houses, new power stations to develop nuclear power . . . maintaining our armed forces for service on many continents . . . equipping them with modern weapons—there is nothing to criticize in any of these aims, but they cannot all be met at once. Some must be restrained."

From all sides came suggestions that the armed services should be "restrained" first, and much optimism about more punch for the pound (like Washington's "more bang for the buck"). Bevanite joined Tory in cries for an immediate reduction in the two-year draft.⁹ The press was full of features about wasteful and frivolous practices in the armed services (the R.A.F. colonel who had his batmen dress up in Louis XIV servant rig for a costume ball).

"Defense expenditure," said the conservative *Financial Times*, "is directly competitive with vital exports . . . It seems increasingly likely that [the H-bomb] has turned the cold war into a prolonged struggle for economic domination of the world. In that struggle . . . the capacity of the British steel industry or the level of British exports may avail more in the end than current military strength."

In each country's case, the worrying seemed to be confined to the professionals; the rest, enjoying steady jobs, steady pay and continuing peace, could not care less.

⁹ Britain alone in Western Europe has a two-year draft; the rest have anywhere from twelve to 21 months.

GREAT BRITAIN

Prime Minister's Tour

It was Sir Anthony Eden's busiest week since winning the British general election last May. Constantly on the move, from his country estate at Chequers to the English Channel, then north to the Scottish harbors, the Prime Minister talked and listened respectfully to the soldiers, sailors and airmen who man Britain's armed services. Eden's object was to brief himself on the problems—and possibilities—of streamlining British defenses at a saving to the harassed Treasury (*see above*).

Eden left Chequers in a helicopter (the first British Prime Minister to travel in one) and flew straight to Farnborough,



PRINCESS MARGARET
The papers seemed willing.

site of Britain's famed annual air show. There, with his grey head tilted back over his immaculate white collar, he studied the performance of the flashy jet bombers and fighters on which his government will spend most of its defense money. Most spectacular of the zooming jet planes was a delta-wing Vulcan bomber, that slowed over the field. "Would you like to fly home in one?" an official asked. "Yes, but no rolls," the Prime Minister said.

Eden, bundled up in a flying suit and flight helmet, climbed the narrow ladder into the belly of one of the Vulcans, and took on a whoosh of jet exhaust. The Prime Minister directed the huge aircraft as far as the English Channel, took over the controls for one long stretch, then landed at an airport near his home in London. "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful," said Eden scrambling out. "It was as smooth as a magic carpet."

Next day the Prime Minister arrived at the field training headquarters of the 3rd British Infantry Division. Eden, who won the Military Cross for gallantry in World War I, clambered in and out of armored vehicles, crawled into underground field defenses built to withstand the blast and radiation of atomic bombs dropped 500 yards away. "Pretty ancient, aren't they, sir?" said a youthful sergeant when the Prime Minister inspected his living quarters. "They're awful," said Eden. "Accommodations must be improved."

With Britain's H-bomb expert, Sir William Penney, Eden examined supersecret atomic arms depots, wearing a long white smock and rubber boots as protection against radiation. Next week he will set off for Scotland, where the cruiser *Glasgow* will take him to sea. The 58-year-old Prime Minister is scheduled to transfer by wire from the *Glasgow* to a British aircraft carrier traveling at full speed.

The Princess' Chain

While all Britain talked about Princess Margaret's romance with 40-year-old R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend, the royal family did its best to see that there was little to talk about. Captain Townsend returned to Belgium after a three-day visit to England without so much as a glimpse of his princess: neither he nor Margaret attended last week's classic St. Leger horse race at which it was hoped they might meet and exchange, at the very least, a significant look. The Court Calendar noted without comment the visit to Balmoral Castle of Britain's Attorney General, which led the Associated Press into excited speculation that perhaps he and the Queen were talking over how to get Margaret married. English editors, who know more than they print, did not fall for such speculation: they knew that the legal considerations are being handled, not by the Attorney General, but by the Lord Chancellor.

Margaret's long-awaited 25th birthday (after which she presumably can marry whom she pleases without the Queen's permission) had come and gone to the accompaniment of such impudent tabloid headlines as *COME ON, MARGARET* and *PLEASE MAKE UP YOUR MIND*. All the proper British papers condemned such improper journalism. But the surprising fact in the whole situation was how carefully the respectable papers, without being so vulgar as to mention Townsend's name, had kept their readers up on the news. They did so by a sudden rash of articles about the archaic Royal Marriage Act which requires that Parliament shall have a year in which to disapprove of any marriage in the royal family. The *Manchester Guardian* learnedly explained that the act was passed by the slimmest of majorities in 1772 to control the marriages contracted by the libertine brothers of George III. "Sensible mortals," concluded the *Guardian* last week, "will doubtless feel that in the 20th century, such matters can safely



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It works this way for the family of

five shown above—on a trip between New York and Paris. They go during Thrift Season (November 1 to March 31) when fares are always lower, and Dad benefits by a round-trip fare of only \$518. Mother, and each youngster between 12 and 25, pay the Family Plan rate of \$318 each. The total saving, for 5, is \$1000. Children

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS



Niagara Falls Photographed at Night

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A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

be left to the head of the royal family without the restrictions of antique acts of Parliament." "Isn't it time," asked Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, "we took this chain from Princess Margaret?"

In short, by indirection and implication, British editors seemed to be saying that if Margaret chooses to renounce her right of succession in order to marry Townsend, her decision is all right with them.

FRANCE

Tale of Two Sultans

A French general with eight police inspectors, 30 gendarmes and a section of paratroopers drew up in a hurry outside the Hotel des Thermes in Madagascar one day last week. They came not to try the golf course, to splash in the pool or to take the waters (which are said to be good for that old weakspot of Frenchmen, the liver). They came instead to see a splendidly installed prisoner, the exiled Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssuf. French General Georges Catroux, 78, found His Majesty waiting for him in a nearby villa once occupied by Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth.

Back from Madagascar. General Catroux's mission was to win Ben Youssuf's approval for Premier Edgar Faure's ingenious plan to settle the Moroccan crisis (TIME, Sept. 5). The French propose to depose the present puppet Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafah, but not to restore Ben Youssuf, who would, however, be able to leave Madagascar and live more luxuriously in France.

Ben Youssuf, theoretically, was in a strong position. Until he approved Faure's plan, Morocco's loyal nationalists would not give the French an inch. Yet Ben Youssuf was miserable in exile: his Buick had been stolen, he had less than half his usual complement of 40 concubines with him, and he daily complained about drafts in the hotel. Three sessions with Catroux were enough to convince His Majesty where his best interests lay. Ben Youssuf agreed to broadcast a message ordering his faithful subjects to avoid more violence.

Over to Tangier. Convincing the other Sultan, Moulay Arafah, was a task for another French general, Pierre Georges Boyer de Latour, the new French Resident-General in Morocco. Last week De Latour called on the old man in his dazzling white palace at Rabat and delicately indicated that the time had come to leave. From the French *colonies* and their ally in intransigence, aged El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech, came exactly the opposite advice: Stay where you are. Moulay Arafah uncomfortably announced that only Allah could recall him, but at the same time looked longingly at the sumptuous palace waiting for him across the border in Tangier.

The next move was up to Premier Faure, who had promised a "solution" by Sept. 12. At week's end, he announced what he had in mind: once the old and new Sultans had been replaced by a three-man regency council, a Moroccan government



BEN YOUSSEF & DAUGHTER
Someone stole the Buick.

with control over most of Morocco's internal affairs would be set up in Rabat. This new regime would negotiate a new political link with France, revising the obsolete protectorate treaty of 1912.

The new arrangement would set Morocco on the way to what Paris called "independence within interdependence." It was not freedom, and it might not last, but it was an improvement.

Four hundred French air force reservists, recalled for service in Morocco, refused to board a southward-bound troop train at the Gare de Lyon in Paris this week. "Leave Morocco to the Moroccans," the airmen shouted. "We don't want to go." Unable to push them into the coaches, police finally rounded them all up and drove them back to their barracks.

MIDDLE EAST

Spreading Flames

For ten days the Foreign Ministers of Britain, Greece and Turkey met in London to discuss the burning topic that was disrupting their NATO friendship. The problem was Cyprus, a British colony and British bastion in the Mediterranean. Four-fifths of its 500,000 people speak Greek; most of the rest are Turks. The Greeks claim it (though they last possessed it in 323 B.C.); the Turks don't want the Greeks to have it; and the British are only willing to talk about gradual self-rule. Even before the three foreign ministers broke off in sharp disagreement last week, the debate was transferred violently to the streets.

An explosion shattered windows in the Turkish consulate in Salonica, Greece's second largest city, and broke a single pane of glass at the modest house near-

by where the late great Kemal Ataturk, founder of modern Turkey, had been born to a minor official of the Ottoman Empire. As reports of the incident sped across the Aegean Sea, they became wildly embellished in the Istanbul headlines. Soon thousands of angry Turks were surging through the streets, bent on destroying stores run by Istanbul's Greek-speaking minority. The rioters shattered shop windows, tore down steel shutters, littered the pavement with heaps of merchandise, and beat up policemen who tried to restrain them. Shouting "Cyprus is Turkish," rioters set fire to buildings and Greek Orthodox churches, while others seized a Cadillac belonging to Greek Orthodox Patriarch Athanagoras (a gift from Cinemogul Spyros Skouras) and shoved it into the Golden Horn's muddy waters.

In the Turkish capital of Ankara, police dispersed with tear gas a mob marching on the Greek embassy. In Izmir (the ancient Smyrna), Turkey's third largest city and NATO's southeastern headquarters, homes of Greek NATO officers were pillaged, and the Greek consulate was razed. Turkey's Prime Minister Adnan Menderes declared martial law in the three cities. The army moved in with tanks, imposed a curfew and, by dawn, had locked up more than 2,000 rioters. Throughout Turkey more than 4,000 stores and 78 churches lay gutted.

The Provocation. In Paris, NATO's Secretary-General Lord Ismay called an unprecedented meeting of the NATO Council. Never before had NATO met to make peace between its own members. At the meeting, Turkish representative Mehmet Ali Tinay presented his government's apologies for the riots, but added: "Of course, there was a certain provocation."

George Exintaris, the Greek representative, retorted: "Any government can prevent a mob from running wild." Tinay answered: "The Communists had a hand in stirring up the mobs." Greece's Exintaris, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, protested: "But I thought you had eradicated Communism in Turkey."

The flare-up of Greco-Turkish tension was a reminder of the days when thousands upon thousands of Greeks and Turks lost their lives in bloody conflict after World War I. NATO officers have always been careful not to let Greek and Turkish units meet in mock combat, for fear that they might begin firing in earnest. Now that Greece was embroiled with both Britain and Turkey, the Greeks last week prudently decided to withdraw all their forces from NATO's scheduled war games in the Mediterranean.

The Sick Man. The Cyprus issue, which had once been only a tiny spark in the minds of a few zealots, had now become a flame that might get out of control. One reason for this is the developing political chaos in Greece. Greece's Prime Minister and grand old soldier, Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, has not left his home for five months, and is reportedly dying. Papagos came out of a Nazi concentration camp with only one lung

and weighing 100 lbs. A friend who saw him recently reports that he looks almost as gaunt now as he did then. Behind shuttered windows, his wife sits by his bedside. Recently General James Van Fleet, visiting Athens last week, asked to see his old comrade-in-arms and was told that the Marshal was too ill to see him.

Abating the Hate

The guns fell quiet around Gaza last week; it was now diplomacy's turn to ease the Middle East's hottest border fight. Just one border shooting broke the silence, and the Israelis hastened to apologize for that. In this atmosphere the U.N. Security Council called into special session in Manhattan after an appeal from the U.N. trustee chief, Major General Edson L.M. Burns of Canada, found itself in rare unanimity. By vote of 11 to 0 (the U.S. and Russia both voting aye), the council called on Israel and Egypt to work out something with General Burns "forthwith," and endorsed his idea of creating a border neutral zone and raising a barbed-wire barricade along the Gaza line to keep the troops apart.

Both Israel and Egypt promised at once to cooperate, though each has an objection of its own. The Israelis think the fence is fine, because it would help stop unlawful border crossings, but they dislike a demilitarized zone because many of their new farm settlements run right up to the line. Egypt's Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser likes the border buffer zone (he himself proposed it three months ago), but objects to building any border barriers because that might imply permanent acceptance of the frontier line drawn after the 1949 Palestine war. Technically, in Egypt's eyes, Israel is not a state, and therefore can have no boundaries, either plain or barbed.

With the U.N.'s backing, and a willingness on the part of both Egypt and Israel not to go too far at this point, General Burns hopes to abate the hate at Gaza.

THAILAND

The Democracy Way

For nearly a quarter of a century the closest friend, steadiest supporter and likeliest successor of Thailand's shrewd and urbane Premier Pibulsonggram has been his chief of police, General Pao Sriyanonda. A heavy-jawed ladies' man who puts almost as much trust in his private astrologer as he does in his efficient and well-armed cops, Pao long ago established himself as the coming man in Thai affairs by the amazing skill with which he amassed money and the bacterial thoroughness with which he and his in-laws invaded the more vital organs of government.

Border Traffic. Police Chief Pao is a man with interests in 20 businesses.⁸ In Thailand there is no business like the dope

business. The U.N. Narcotics Commission brands Thailand as one of the world's biggest opium trade centers. On several occasions, Pao's police made a great show of seizing contraband opium coming across the northern border from China and paid off large government rewards to the informants. But somehow, Pao's cops never arrested any smugglers, and somehow the seized opium had a way of turning up in Bangkok's legal opium dens or in the illegal export market.

Early this year, just when people were openly asking when Pao would be taking over the premiership, he ran into the worst sort of trouble that can befall a Thai statesman: star trouble. Thailand's best astrologers predicted in the newspapers that about the month of August, ruin would come upon one or two of Bangkok's mighty. Rumor said that Pao fired three



Tommy Weber
Help from a horrible horoscope.

astrologers in a row for providing him with unfavorable predictions. At the height of this horoscopic crisis, Premier Pibulsongram returned from a trip to the U.S., full of a lot of new ideas for trying out democratic ways in Thailand. The most upsetting of these innovations was holding weekly Washington-style press conferences at which squirming ministers sometimes had to answer reporters' questions for hours on end.

Diplomatic Trip. Pibulsongram also abolished press censorship. This enabled Bangkok newspapers to report that Pao's police had just made an unprecedented haul of 20 tons of contraband opium, and that government rewards paid out for the tip amounted to \$1,000,000. Again, nobody was arrested. Questioned at the Premier's next press conference, Police Chief Pao could not satisfactorily explain what had happened to the confiscated opium or to the \$1,000,000 reward.

⁸ But not the valuable Coen-Cola concession, long held by Pibulsongram's own son-in-law, the deputy foreign minister.

Pibulsongram moved swiftly, in the new democratic fashion. With a big smile, he summoned Pao and dispatched him, in his capacity as deputy finance minister, to Washington to see about a new U.S. loan. The plane was hardly off the ground before the Premier began separating Pao and his relatives from their extra jobs, and it had hardly landed in the U.S. before Pibulsongram made himself interior minister and promised to stop opium smuggling.

For a few days tension ran high in Bangkok. At one point, all Pao's men and their families lived under 24-hour armed surveillance by the army, but it soon became evident that Pibulsongram was only restraining, and not destroying, his friend Pao. Quiet returned to Bangkok. So, last week, did Police Chief Pao. From the airport he rushed home for a long chat with his latest astrologer.

At his weekly press conference, Pibulsongram was asked if there was bad blood between the Premier and the police chief. Certainly not, said the Premier with a gentle smile. "I told him: 'We are going to the democracy way now.'" He answered: "If you go democracy, I go along too."

INDIA

The End of Soul Force

Soul force, a made-in-India device for nonviolent resistance to authority, is a dangerous weapon which, like poison gas, can blow back in the faces of those who use it. Last week India's Prime Minister Nehru decided that India had been soul-forced enough for the time being. Reliance on soul force, or satyagraha, had resulted in 22 deaths on the border of Goa, but it had neither led the Portuguese to give up their tiny 400-year-old colony, nor bestirred the Goans to do anything about their own liberation.

Besides, soul force had become too catchy. Across the border in Pakistan, 15,000 Moslems were planning to march in satyagraha fashion against Kashmir this month, in protest against India's occupation. And every local disgruntled Indian seemed to be threatening to use satyagraha as a weapon against Nehru's government. Socialists protesting the Congress Party's corruption, right-wingers protesting the Congress Party's socialism, Communists protesting against anybody and everything. On a flying tour of Assam, Bihar and Uttar Pradesh states, Nehru was shocked to discover "fissiparous tendencies" among rebellious students, Sikhs, Moslems and militant groups of all kinds. There were other "fissiparous tendencies" among India's millions who speak Telugu, Malayalam and Tamil, who are raising a babel cry for linguistic states of their own, and threaten to use soul force.

The old Gandhian ideal of satyagraha invoked the power of souls when souls were pure, but today's soul force rioting, often stirred up by Communist agitators, is really only mass hooliganism. Addressing a crowd of 200,000 in Bihar,

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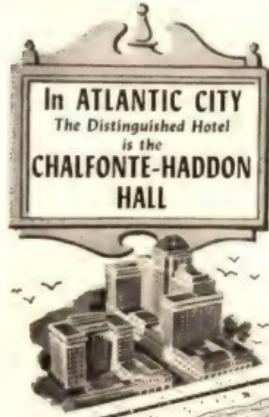
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amid unprecedented booing. Nehru told students, "In Russia, I saw tremendous progress through discipline and hard work. But you want only chaos and confusion. You cannot even dream of how you would be dealt with in Russia."

Last week the time had come to assert the ascendancy of police force over soul force. First Nehru ordered that there be no more satyagraha against Goa. "As a government," he said, "we obviously cannot have satyagraha against another government. Governments do not do that sort of thing." Then, exerting all the strength of his prestige and popularity, Nehru compelled the Congress Party executive to reverse its Goa resolution of last July and vote, ruefully but unanimously, to renounce satyagraha as a method of political action, "whether undertaken individually or collectively."

ITALY Little Political Pope

One rainy day when Florence's Mayor Giorgio La Pira was a Deputy in Rome, he characteristically started for the door without umbrella, overcoat, or hat. A fellow Deputy insisted on lending him a raincoat. An hour later, La Pira returned, dripping from head to foot. To the astonished Deputy, he explained: "I came across an old man in the street who was cold . . ." "Yes," stammered the Deputy, "but that was my raincoat." La Pira replied soothingly: "You can buy another, my son, you can buy another."

Last week this willingness to sacrifice other people's property to his own Christian impulses had got controversial Mayor La Pira, the man who wrested Florence from Communist control for the Christian Democrats four years ago, into his deepest trouble yet.

Villas on the Hill. It is the precept of bachelor Mayor La Pira, who for years lived in a single cell in the famed Convent of San Marco, that every man in Florence is entitled to a roof over his head—no matter what the law says. When, in late 1952, yielding to landlords' pleas, the national government began to permit evictions from rent-controlled apartments, La Pira took action. "A Christian society is a fraternal society," he proclaimed, "and when even one man is excluded, when even one man lacks bread or a roof, society ceases to be fraternal."

La Pira's eye fell on the huge, handsome old villas that perch on the hillsides above Florence. Most belong to rich Italians who occupy them only a few months a year. Drawing on his experiences as sometime law professor at the University of Florence, La Pira rummaged among old archives, finally found what he wanted: a law of the Kingdom of Italy, passed in 1865, which empowered Italian mayors to requisition private buildings in grave emergencies.

At first requisitions were few, and Florentines were amused at the procedure. Scouts spotted an empty villa. In great secrecy, La Pira signed the requisition or-

der the night before. Next morning early, the decree was delivered to the owner. An hour later, before the hapless owner had time to move in fake tenants, a task force arrived at the villa comprising a requisition functionary, a blacksmith (in case the owner had barred the doors), two city cops on motorcycles ("policemen on motorcycles are always more impressive," explained La Pira), and sometimes La Pira himself. In a matter of minutes, the evictees rolled up in a truck with all their furniture and took possession.

Act of Charity. But as evictions increased, La Pira stepped up his requisitions. Early this year, La Pira ran into his first big trouble. La Pira coveted the splendid Fiesole villa of septuagenarian Princess Emilia Ruspoli. He moved in 57 evictees, delivered a note to the princess reading: "I am sure you are grateful for the opportunity I have given you to do a



David Lees—Life

FLORENCE'S LA PIRA
Nature abhors a vacancy.

great act of charity and so to insure that God will take you up to paradise."

It was a tactic that had often appeased other irate owners, but not Princess Ruspoli. She entered a suit against La Pira before Italy's highest administrative court. Before the court could pass judgment, Mayor La Pira compounded the injury by requisitioning the villa of the princess' son. He topped that by taking over the villa of Pietro Romani, Italy's High Commissioner for Tourism and brother-in-law of the late Premier Alcide de Gasperi.

Soon La Pira was tangling with the national government over empty former Fascist buildings which the government had taken over. The government ringed the buildings with *carabinieri* and turned back La Pira's task forces. La Pira, who has an acute sense of publicity, then began bombarding press and politicians with letters studded with Biblical citations. To Chris-



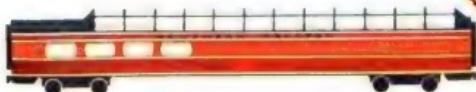
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tian Democratic Party Secretary Amintore Fanfani, La Pira sent an open letter congratulating him, among other things, on his seven children, and demanding, "Isn't it true that the first and fundamental law . . . consists in the fact that there is at least a little bread and a modest roof for all seven of them?" Rome's *Il Tempo* angrily denounced "these ridiculous but dangerous attitudes of a little political pope."

La Pira's tactics have infuriated and alarmed the big industrialists that provide the Christian Democrats' finances, ever since he used his requisitioning powers to seize a bankrupt factory and hand it over to its workers (TIME, Feb. 28). But the Demo-Christian leaders are well aware that popular Mayor La Pira is an attraction to left-minded voters all over Italy; he is also their one hope of holding heavily Communist Florence.

Living Art. Last week, bobbing around his ornate desk in the ancient Palazzo Vecchio, as chipper as the two canaries he keeps in a cage in the corner, La Pira was unashamed by criticism. Some nineteen other owners had joined Princess Ruspini in suing him, and the Interior Ministry had issued a circular declaring the 1865 law was supposed to be applied only to disasters such as earthquakes. He was also under attack from a new quarter. The Superintendency of Monuments was horrified to discover that evictees moved into another villa were setting up cooking stoves and driving nails into walls on which 16th-century frescoes were recently discovered. "Works of art only flourish when they are surrounded by normal life," answered La Pira. "The Superintendency ought to thank me."

SOUTH AFRICA Bleached Bleachers

South Africans of all shades are ardent sports fans, but at sporting events, as everywhere else, the blacks and the whites are rigidly segregated. Herded into their Jim Crow section (generally about a tenth of a stadium's capacity) at international matches, the non-white frequently show their resentment by cheering loudly for any team not composed of South Africans. Three weeks ago, at a rugby match between the British Lions and South Africa's own crack Springboks, the black cheers for Britain almost drowned out white enthusiasm for the local club.

This week the visiting British Lions are matched with another South African team, the Junior Springboks, at a game scheduled to celebrate the opening of a vast new football stadium in Bloemfontein. But this time the cheers for Britain, if any, will be only sporadic. The city fathers of Bloemfontein voted to install no Jim Crow section and instead to ban all non-whites from the stadium. As is usual in South Africa, this was said to be in the blacks' own interest: "The non-Europeans," vouchsafed one Bloemfontein councilman, "derive the greatest benefit from taking part in sport, not watching it."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

NEGRO FAVORS FOR WHITE FOLKS

The Negro magazine EBONY:

WHEN Louis Armstrong took young Gary Crosby under his trumpeting wing, some Negroes shook their heads, wondered: "With all the promising Negro youngsters who need a musical break, why did the mighty maestro choose, as his protégé, a towhead born with a silver spoon, heir to a golden throat?" When wealthy Mrs. Pearl C. Anderson gifted the Dallas Community Chest Trust Fund with several blocks of downtown property worth over \$200,000, more than one brother gasped: "Why give all that wealth to the white folks?" When Michigan's Congressman Charles Diggs Jr. named, as his first military academy appointee, white Thomas Jozwiak, there were those who said: "Ain't that a shame!"

All three of these famous Americans have contributed unstintingly to the welfare of the Negro. In addition, they have succeeded, as few of us have, in rising above the narrow confines of color. When any Negro is big enough to bestow his favors on deserving persons and causes without regard to race, creed or color, he should be commended for his tolerance. Such deeds should be lauded a blessing instead of a shame.

Racial discrimination is as reprehensible when practiced by Negroes as it is when employed by whites. And the Golden Rule works both ways. Like many Negroes, Mrs. Anderson, Louis Armstrong and Congressman Diggs owe much of their success to white people. By virtue of their positions they have a moral obligation to society in general.

Granted, the white majority has done the Negro wrong, is responsible for much of his inferior status in society. But even though restrictions are placed upon the Negro, it profits no one to retaliate in kind. Two wrongs make nobody right. Negroes should be proud that there are members of their race who abide by the Christian principle of doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

DEMOCRATS CANNOT HIT IKE ON FOREIGN POLICY

Columnist WALTER LIPPmann:

MR. Adlai Stevenson is severely critical of the way foreign affairs have been conducted by the Eisenhower Administration. As Mr. Stevenson is the leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, we may ask ourselves not whether there is ground for criticism but whether the Democratic Party can take issue legitimately and effectively with the Republican Administration.

As of now the Democrats cannot do it. That is not because the Eisenhower-Dulles record is above criticism. Far from it. It is because by their support and by their silence the Democrats have forfeited the chance, and with it one might say the right, to take issue with the President.

Things may look very differently a year hence. But as of now the Democrats have no quarrel with what the Administration has managed to do. Their quarrel, long after the event, is with how, by backing and filling, by zigging and zagging, by talking tough and by talking soft, the Administration got where it is today. As the Democrats do not criticize the result, as they did not at the time oppose the method, they have as the opposition party no issue. They have no record of their own to oppose to the Eisenhower record. And as the saying goes in politics, you can't beat a horse with no horse.

There is no doubt that the President has made a great, a unique and a necessary contribution to reducing the probability of a third world war. He has done this by maintaining our military power and our alliances, and, also and no less, by clarifying our fundamental policy in the Far East. If we pay attention not to what the Administration has said but to what it has been doing, we can say that it has pulled back from positions of weakness, where we were over-extended, to positions which the United States and its allies are strong enough and willing enough to hold.

IKE, LIKE BASEBALL, A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

New York Times Washington Bureau Chief JAMES RESTON:

THE popularity of President Eisenhower has got beyond the bounds of reasonable calculation and will have to be put down as a national phenomenon, like baseball. The thing is no longer just a remarkable political fact but a kind of national love affair, which cannot be analyzed satisfactorily by the political scientists and will probably have to be turned over to the head-shrinkers.

Very much against his will, the President is suddenly being presented as the answer and solution to everything: war, juvenile delinquency, the decline in farm prices, parental irresponsibility, the division of Europe and Germany, polio, death on the highways, the school shortage, and all the rest. When the Republican state chairmen met [last] week, they went over all these things and came to the same conclusion about everything. Ike was the answer. To a man they agreed that if he should refuse to stand for re-election next year, the confusion in the party would be indescribable.

ble, but even in their private sessions with one another they refused to consider an alternative.

Whatever the President does now is automatically wonderful. If he goes to Geneva and cries peace, even when there is no peace, he is proclaimed throughout the world. If he counters the optimism of Geneva six weeks later with stern warnings to the Communists, nobody asks why he didn't think of that before, but hails him as a scourge of the appeasers. When the farmers think about the decline in commodity prices, they don't blame the President but Secretary of Agriculture Benson. When people have complaints about foreign policy, they turn on Secretary of State Dulles. When they worry about polio, they blame Mrs. Hobby: about taxes, Secretary Humphrey: and so on.

It is a remarkable psychological situation. Roosevelt at the height of his popularity never had it so good. Eisenhower today not only commands the overwhelming support of his party, but the affection as well.

Eisenhower is, indeed, a symbol of the atmosphere of the time: optimistic, prosperous, escapist, pragmatic, friendly, attentive in moments of crisis and comparatively inattentive the rest of the time. What America is, at this moment of her history, so is Eisenhower, and the Democrats don't know what to make of it.

LIBERALS CREATED DANGER OF BIG GOVERNMENT

An open letter to a liberal, in the Conservative Freeman:

AS a good modern Liberal, you are always in a sweat about civil liberties. You say that informers, witch hunters, book burners, China Lobbyists, character assassins, wire tappers and other agents of the iniquitous government lurk in constant readiness to trample any stray civil liberty as soon as the ADA or the ACLU turns its back, while I maintain that you do exaggerate. I must admit in fairness that what you charge is substantially true. That is, the power to crush the civil liberties of American citizens is latent in our government. Several times it has come to the surface, and some helpless citizen has been sucked down by the inexorable undertow of a government that is too powerful for the country's good.

Without embroidering the subject, I shall grant the substantial truth of your incessant uproar about infringement of civil liberties. Then, let me ask you one question: How did we get this way? Who made the government so powerful that it could trample on the rights of the individual? Who subordinated the individual to society? Who stressed security at the expense of liberty? You did, friend. You did.

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Invasion Scare

A loud cry for help from Ecuador sent the Organization of American States into an evening emergency session in Washington last week. As Ecuador's Washington Ambassador José Chiriboga told it, it sounded alarmingly like war: Peruvian military forces, "feverishly" built up within "recent hours," were massed 20,000-30,000 strong near the Ecuadorian border, creating "an imminent danger to [Ecuador's] territorial integrity, sovereignty and political independence."

An Ecuador-Peru quarrel over boundaries has been bubbling, and occasionally boiling up into small-scale warfare, ever since Ecuador became a nation in 1830. In 1942, after the last serious gun-fighting between the two countries, a six-nation committee in Rio awarded Peru some three-fourths of the 117,000-sq.-mi. jungle territory under dispute. The Ecuadorians have been fretting about the decision ever since, and the mere approach of a Peruvian patrol to the poorly demarcated border is enough to set off invasion alarms. During the past year, nerves on both sides have taunted further as the two countries added to their military power. Last week, just before the latest Ecuadorian cry of alarm, Peru announced that it had contracted for two submarines from the U.S.'s General Dynamics Corp. and a score of jet fighters from Britain (*see below*).

The Peruvians scoffed at last week's Ecuadorian complaint. Headlined a Lima newspaper: ECUADORIAN CRY-BABIES AT IT AGAIN. But the O.A.S. shifted its well-oiled peace-keeping machinery into high gear, called for a meeting of the U.S., Argentina, Brazil and Chile, the four "guarantors" of the 1942 Ecuador-Peru border agreement. Representatives of the four countries got together in Rio that same evening, set up two inspection teams made up of their military attachés in the Peruvian and Ecuadorian capitals. By the following afternoon, the inspectors were scanning the border regions from the air. They reported no evidence of an unusual military buildup. But even if it was just another false alarm, many Latin Americans were happy to know that the Hemisphere's fire-fighting apparatus is in such good working order.

High Cost of Jets

One reason why neighbors Peru and Ecuador are more than ordinarily touchy about their long-standing border dispute (*see above*) is that they are currently competing with each other in an expensive jet air-power race. Last year the Peruvians asked the U.S. to sell them twelve F-86 Sabre-jet fighters. During the past ten months, Ecuador got twelve Meteor fighters and six Canberra twin-jet medium bombers from Britain. Last week came the Peruvian retort: the government announced that it had signed up for 30 of Britain's late-model Hawker Hunters.

Neither Peru (pop. 9,300,000) nor Ecuador (pop. 3,400,000) can really afford to spend millions of dollars for warplanes, but a combination of alarm and national pride holds down public complaints in the two countries.

The Peruvian and Ecuadorian purchases of Hunters, Meteors and Canberras are also signs of another trend: Britain is pulling ahead of the U.S. in the Latin American jet air-power market. One reason is that the U.S. government is slow to part with up-to-date jets. Another is that the British sell their jets cheaper and on longer credit.

When Lima announced purchase of the two Hunters, a Peruvian Senator crowed: "This will place Peru at the head of all South American countries in jet fighters." Presumably he was talking about quality, not quantity: both Argentina and Brazil are far ahead of Peru in numbers of jet warplanes. The Latin American jet air-power picture as of last week:

Peru has received six of the twelve Sabres ordered from the U.S. These are at present the hottest jet fighters in any Latin American air force. In addition, Peru has six U.S. T-33 trainers.

Ecuador owns two British jet trainers in addition to its twelve Meteors and six Canberras.

Argentina has the biggest jet force in Latin America: 120 obsolescent Meteors, plus half a dozen Argentine-built Pukuli II fighters (virtually handmade jobs, produced by German experts hired in 1948 by Juan Perón).

Brazil has about 50 Meteors, obtained in 1952 by barter for 297,000 tons of cotton.

Venezuela, oil-rich and free spending, owns 24 British Vampire fighters and twelve Canberra medium bombers, has ordered 22 Sabres from the U.S. The first half dozen Sabres are scheduled for delivery in October.

Colombia and **Cuba** have six T-33s apiece. The **Dominican Republic** requested 25 Sabres last year, but has not yet put up the money to take delivery.

The air forces of the other twelve Latin American republics are all equipped with propeller-driven planes of World War II vintage.

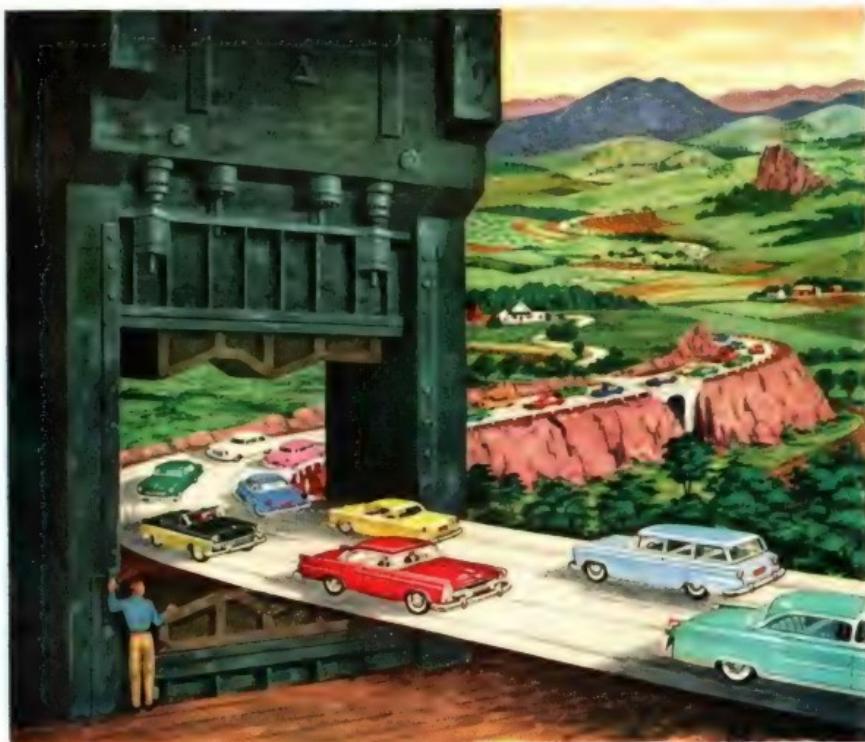
PERU

A Break for the Ladies

With a stroke of the pen last week, Peruvian President Manuel Odria scratched Peru's name from the dwindling list of American nations that deny women the vote. In his oak-paneled office, he signed a constitutional amendment extending full political rights to Peruvian women. Only Haiti and Paraguay still discriminate against women, and Haiti does allow them to vote in municipal elections. Said Odria: "Now the Peruvian woman can elect and be elected. I believe that she is at least as well prepared as the men to make proper use of the suffrage."

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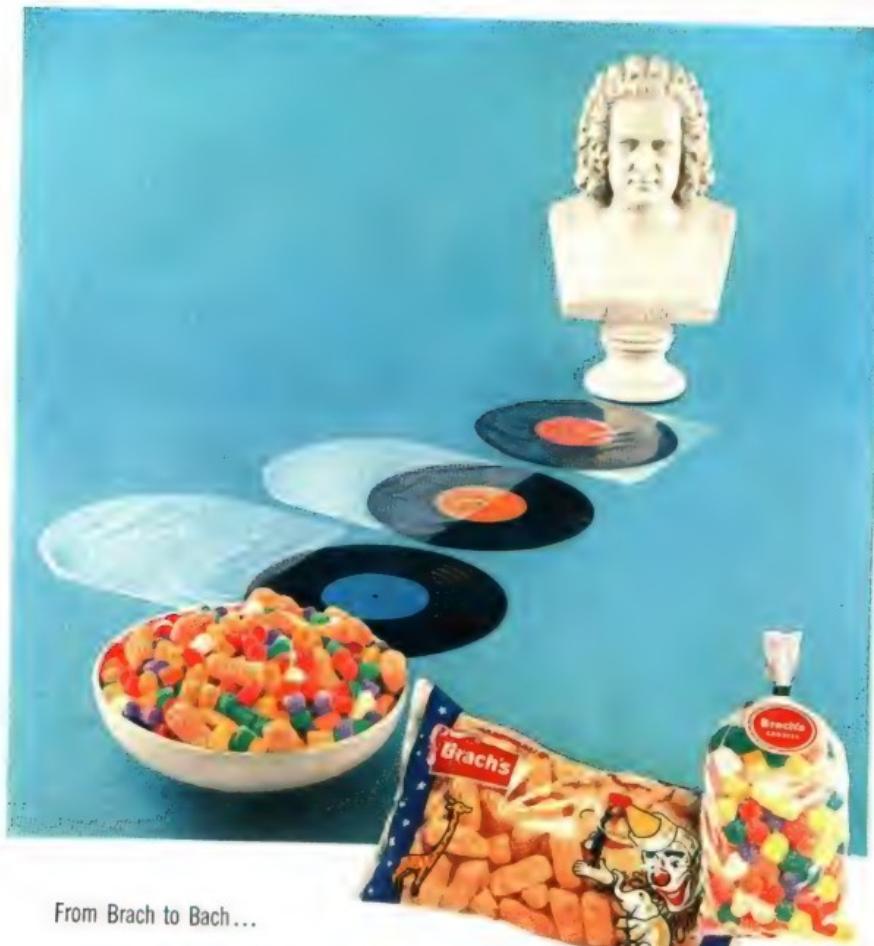
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After her tempestuous, two-continent romance with bullfighter Luis Miguel Dominguin seasons ago, perfervid Cinemactress **Ava Gardner** was again building castles in Spain with a torero. In the bull ring of the ancient town of Alcalá de Henares, slight, curly-haired César Girón, 21, was so inspired by Ava's presence in the stands that he dispatched his bull in high style, won both ears and the tail, presented his bloody trophies to Ava, who clutched an ear to her lips for a long kiss as the crowd cheered. But in another fight last week at Aranjuez, near Madrid, more sober-minded *aficionados* seemed less happy about Ava and the torero. Ava was dazzling as ever in a yellow frock, but César was peaked and off his form; he fought only a fair fight and won neither ear nor tail for his lady.

At the seaside resort of Blackpool in industrial Lancashire, Soviet Ambassador **Jacob A. Malik** found an unlikely path to the heart of the British masses. He pulled a silver-handled switch, turning on 450,000 colored lights that run for seven miles and cause illuminated tableaux, moving figures and patriotic portraits to glitter brilliantly against a background of 50 miles of electric bulbs. The lights are the pride of the working class of Lancashire, and the wily Soviet ambassador praised lights, people, town, county, and even allowed that the celebration was not unlike certain Soviet celebrations, before crying, "Long live light!" to the cheers of the crowd.

As they posed together for news photographers at the Michigan State Fair in Detroit, it was not easy to tell who looked

prouder. Defense Secretary **Charles E. Wilson** or Windrow Helene, his prize four-year-old cow. Windrow Helene, who produced 10,658 lbs. (4,956 qts.) of milk in 305 days, was crowned grand champion female of the Ayrshire breed.

After starring as a wanton in NBC's two-hour TV version of Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, peripatetic Musicoedienne **Mary Martin** flew to Jamaica to rehearse with **Noel Coward** for CBS's *Ford Star Jubilee* to be telecast next month, meanwhile telling one and all of her projected winter trip with husband Richard Halliday to the remote state of Goiás, in Brazil. The spot she is dreaming about is 14° south of the equator, 600



Thomas D. McAvoy—Life
MARY MARTIN
Splendid isolation.

miles from the coast, 2,500 ft. up a mountain on a lush plateau full of monkeys, birds and wild flowers, where the temperature ranges from 68° to 78° the year round. She bought the Brazilian Shangri-la for peaceful, isolated vacations after a visit to her friends. Couturier **Adrian** and his wife, oldtime Cinemactress **Janet Gaynor**, who have a home across the valley. To begin with, Singer Martin will build a small house (bedroom, kitchen, bath) on the plateau, which is 250 miles from the nearest telephone, and is reachable only by plane and a final bruising 30-mile drive over roads that would discourage a jackass, let alone an uninvited guest.

At the New York State Fair in Syracuse, Michigan's Democratic Governor **G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams** smiled into news cameras after Iroquois Indians made



Associated Press
GOVERNOR WILLIAMS
Stately coronation.

him a blood brother, crowned him with a plumed headdress and handed him a small pillow picturing him on his way from Lansing, Mich., to the White House.

Dead these 85 years, General **Robert E. Lee** became a red-hot issue when the U.S. Post Office put his sad-eyed, bearded face on a 30¢ stamp and decided to issue it at Norfolk, Va., where the American Philatelic Congress convenes this month. Virginians and Southern patriots with long memories raged that Norfolk was an insulting choice; it was in Union hands during most of the Civil War.

Having been a U.S. resident for more than the five-year minimum legal requirement, British Novelist **Pelham Grenville Wodehouse**, creator of Jeeves, filed a naturalization petition in Riverhead, L.I., in order to become a U.S. citizen.

The late Novelist **Thomas Mann** never worked on the projected sequel to his last novel, *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence-Man* (see Books). When Mann finished the novel, his widow disclosed last week, he wrote an essay celebrating the 150th anniversary of the death of Schiller. "Krull can wait," the novelist said after he finished the essay. "I shall write a drama about Martin Luther instead; now the time is ripe for it." Before he died, Mann had found the working title: *Luther's Wedding Day*.

Gregory Ratoff, the actor with the unbreakable Russian accent, returned to Manhattan after producing, directing and starring in *The Royal Bed*, a movie shot in ex-King Farouk's Egyptian palace about a skirt-chasing monarch. In an expansive mood, Ratoff reminisced about the time a U.S. publisher wanted him to write a book: "I say, 'Why do you want to do my story? I come from the country where



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After being a dead duck in Moscow for 15 years, Novelist Ernest Hemingway was transformed into a live pigeon with the translation into Russian and publication in full of *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Looking cool and beautiful, Cinematress Grace Kelly invited local police to her Hollywood home to search for a discriminating prowler who had startled her on the grounds. The police found no one. Meanwhile, French Actor Jean-Pierre Aumont, rehearsing in Manhattan for



N.Y. Daily News from Gilligan

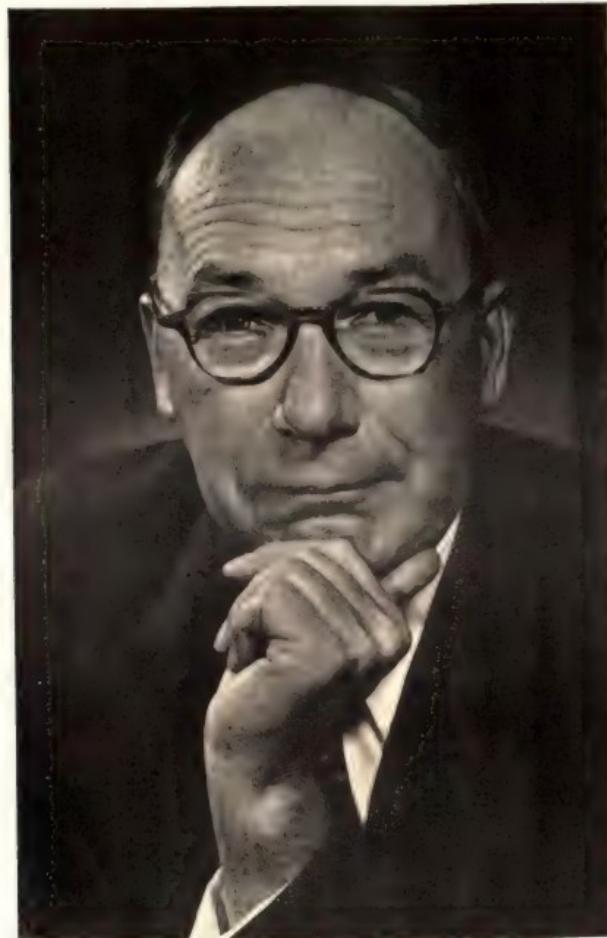
GRACE KELLY
Anytheeng but.

Albert (*My Three Angels*) Husson's new comedy, *The Heavenly Twins*, was in touch with Grace over transcontinental wires, purred to inquisitive reporters, "I well talk to you about anytheeng but Grace Kellee."

In Denver, Colorado's Democratic Governor Edwin C. Johnson, 71, longtime (1936-55) U.S. Senator, suffered a coronary thrombosis, but his condition was described as "satisfactory."

At her home near Eagle Bridge, N.Y., Anna Mary Robertson Moses, the kindly old lady famed as the U.S.'s liveliest "primitive" painter, celebrated her 95th birthday. "As soon as all this fuss is over," said Grandma, "I am going to sit quiet and think and remember and imagine. Then I'll get an inspiration and start painting. Then I'll forget everything except how things used to be, and how to paint so people will know how we used to live."

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

Catch a Star! (music by Sammy Fain and Phil Charig; lyrics by Paul Webster and Ray Golden; sketches by Danny and Neil Simon) got the new Broadway season off to a respectable but unexciting start. Perhaps half its numbers have at least their pleasant moments—a far from disgraceful average for revues, but a dubious recommendation for audiences.

The best of the good things—a round song called *The Story of Alice*—is done with the high-styled nonsensicality of a good British revue number. There is



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Leo Friedman

DUNN, WAKEFIELD & CARROLL
Young and night-spotty.

some of the same appeal in a song-and-dance fandango called *Gruntled*: the gimmick of the lyrics (*clpt, kempt, scrutable*) is pretty old hat, but the general air and the wacky ballroom dancing are gay. Among the sketches there is a funny take-off of the current movie *Marty* and a fairly funny take-off of matinee ladies. Two or three other skits, on such themes as Tennessee Williams and marriage bureaus that sell husbands as though they were haberdashery, get men on base but fail to score.

Barring Veteran Comic David Burns the cast is young, night-spotty, and largely new to Broadway. Pat Carroll, Jack Wakefield, Helen Halpin and Elaine Dunn should all have Broadway futures, but at the moment they can only enhance good material: they cannot save bad. What with undistinguished numbers and indistinguishable songs, a long-winded ballad about a killer and a dreadful adaptation of O. Henry's *Gift of the Magi*, *Catch a Star!* only intermittently catches the sun.



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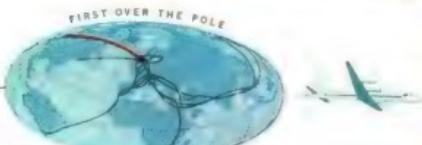
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CONDUCTOR CORNWALL & MORMON CHOIR IN WEST BERLIN

Heinrich von der Becke

From the Tabernacle

The 379 singers got off the Cunarder *Saxonia* at Greenock, Scotland, lined up on the pier on the River Clyde and began to sing (*Loch Lomond*). They kept singing all the way across Britain, Holland, Denmark and Germany—in crowded auditoriums, sight-seeing buses, third-class railway carriages and even on the streets. They had their share of crises, including—at Scheveningen, Holland—the loss of the conductor's white dress waistcoat (two local tailors provided a new one in exchange for a pair of tickets). Everywhere they are stirring up waves of good feeling and applause. Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle Choir is a smash hit in Europe.

Behind the Music. In West Berlin last week, the touring choir was greeted by 2,500 Berliners, many of them Mormons themselves. On the station steps, a German Mormon choir burst into the great Mormon hymn, *Come, Come Ye Saints*, and the Americans joined in to thunder the final phrase: "All is well! all is well!" Next evening in a modernistic gymnasium, they stood scrubbed and friendly before 3,000 paying customers.

Thunderous applause greeted the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. After that, the choir ran through its religious repertory, from a semi-spiritual (*Listen to the Lambs All A-Cryin'*) to Bach, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The audience demanded six encores. One choir rehearsal became a concert for 2,000 refugees from Germany's Soviet zone, who were moved to tears. Wrote Berlin's *Telegraf*: "This was not only music, but the building of a human bridge."

Critics treated the group kindly all along the way, even in choir-heavy England, although many felt that such a large chorus should devote itself to large, important works instead of the motley programs it sings. For these, Conductor J. Spencer Cornwall has his answer ready. "Our singing is for people, not for critics," Adds Assistant Conductor Richard Condie: "Some of the things we do are certainly not great music, but we do them because there is something behind the music. If our sole purpose were to be

MUSIC

a great musical organization there would not be so many older people in the choir. We have some people 80 years old."

Some Misunderstanding. The 30-year-old Mormon Tabernacle Choir has been familiar to U.S. radio listeners for 26 years, but it had never toured abroad, largely because of cost. One problem: most of the choir members—including lawyers, clerks, filling-station attendants—would have to get leaves from their jobs. But the current tour (estimated cost: \$800,000) was finally made possible by benefit dances, banquets, concerts and outright solicitation. To cover any remaining deficit, the wealthy church will dig into its own treasury. And employers

whether Mormons or not, gladly gave their employees leave.

Choir members feel that their tour is building friendship for the U.S. and understanding for their faith. Said one singer: "When people see we're human beings who put our pants on one leg at a time, there'll be less misunderstanding of our church." But there is still some confusion abroad. "If," said one girl singer grimly, "anybody else asks me how many wives my husband has, I'll scream."

Another fine U.S. musical export is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, now in Europe. Beginning a tour that will include the Continent for the first time since Arturo Toscanini took it abroad 25 years ago, the orchestra got the gladdest welcome and the biggest raves any orchestra has ever had at the Edinburgh Festival. The press was more pro than con. Sample pro: the *Manchester Guardian's* Neville Gardus noted that the scherzo of Vaughan Williams' *Symphony No. 4* "received a performance which frankly left me . . . speechless with wonder and admiration." Not so pro: John Warrack of the London *Daily Telegraph* found the same symphony played with "appalling force, shrieking with despair and spitting fury, unrelenting in its attack upon the nerves and battering malevolently at the ears. A shattered audience rose bravely at the end to acclaim the exhausted performers."

Love That Moo

Lillian Briggs, 22, used to be a blonde truck driver. Now she's a blonde entertainer who earns adulatory shrieks and \$500 a week with her voice and her trombone. Lillian likes that trombone. "Boy," she says, "it really can moo."

It was mooting last week at Brooklyn's Paramount Theater before several thousand frenzied teen-agers who had already fallen for Lillian after hearing her fast-rising record of *I Want You To Be My Baby*. On stage, her blonde head tossed back, her neat, muscularly curvaceous body sheathed in sequins, Lillian spread her feet, arms and fingers wide and began to sing, with a curious mixture of breezy



Eve Arnold
ENTERTAINER BRIGGS IN BROOKLYN
A blowout on the truck route.



Photo courtesy The Raster Tool Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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bounce and bare innuendo: "I want, I want you, I want you to, I want you to be. I want you to be my baby

Then, grinning at the shrieks and whistles from the audience, Lillian strode to another microphone, picked up her trombone, and proceeded to blow monotone sounds through the brass tubing. The kids out front made such a hullabaloo, squealing, whistling and clapping in tempo, that they could not possibly hear anything more than the sizzling rhythm—but that was enough.

Sort of Boot. At first, back in Allentown, Pa., Lillian took up the trombone merely because it gave her a chance to get into local football games free, as a member of the Central Catholic High School band. What she thought she wanted then was to become a psychiatrist—largely because she had seen the movie *Spellbound* (in which Ingrid Bergman played psychiatrist to Gregory Peck's paranoid guilt complex). But then Lillian began to listen to such jazz artists as Baritone Saxman Gerry Mulligan and Trumpeter Chet Baker, and she became enthusiastic about her trombone.

After graduation, Lillian decided to look for a steady job. "I kept looking under 'female' in the want ads, which I thought was right, after all. But one day I read under 'male' and there was an ad for a truck driver at the Hudson Cleaners in Catasauqua." Being crazy about cars, and meeting no objections at home, Lillian found herself behind the wheel of a 2½-ton truck. She stuck to it for 14 months before she quit. "I felt tired, sort of beat up," she says. For a while, she worked as a welder.

Meanwhile, three years ago, Lillian managed to form her own all-girl orchestra, played clubs around Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Occasionally she would put on a "hop hat" and long plaid jacket with huge key chain and hoarsely sing her own lyrics to songs. "Sing! What am I saying?" she laughs now. "But it was the only singing I ever did until just lately."

Last October a manager offered to book her as a vocalist. "He told me I could never learn to sing, but I could sort of 'style' a song." Lillian Briges began to get around.

Wonderful Business. In her dressing room between shows, munching a tired-looking sandwich and listening with one ear to cries of "Lill-ian!" from the street below, Entertainer Briggs surveyed her fast, dazzling rise. "It's wonderful! I love the whole business." The rough rock 'n' roll mob? They wouldn't hurt her—but she makes it a point to sneak out side doors, even though the cops are there to protect her.

Lillian's zoom to success is not surprising. She has looks, a brassy voice that—when anybody cares to listen—is both true and spirited, and she can play trombone. The rock 'n' roll fad has probably whirled her up faster than otherwise would have happened, but her sudden good fortune has not made her cocky. "If anything goes off in this business," she says, "I'll go back to driving a truck."



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The Group Noun

Perhaps the story was old, but it was sweeping through academic circles:

Four dons were walking down an Oxford street one evening. All were philologists and members of the English department. They were discussing group nouns: a covey of quail, a pride of lions, an exaltation of larks.

As they talked, they passed four ladies of the evening. The dons did not exactly ignore the hussies—in a literary way, that is. One of them asked: "How would you describe a group like that?"

Suggested the first: "A jam of tarts?"

The second: "A flourish of strumpets?"

The third: "An essay of Trollope's?"

Then the dean of the dons, the eldest and most scholarly of them all, closed the discussion: "I wish that you gentlemen would consider 'An anthology of pros.'"

Bright Youngsters

About 1% of U.S. schoolchildren have either superior intelligence or a specific talent beyond their years. Educators have long grappled with the problems of average and retarded students, but gifted children have been largely forced to pass through school at the pace of their less talented classmates.

Parents and educators have come to realize that this minority presents a problem of its own: unless a precocious child is given the extra challenge he needs, his talents may be wasted, and he may become lazy or unruly, end up as an undesirable adult. Many states and communities in the U.S. have tackled the problem by planning special programs for bright youngsters.

Pressing Need. Connecticut's problems are particularly pressing because a disproportionate 15% of its school children fall into the superior category. This week the state was hard at work on one of the most ambitious programs yet: a statewide survey of the needs of gifted children, in which laymen and professional educators will collaborate. Two groups will work on the survey. One, the Connecticut Committee for the Gifted, a state-appointed group, is headed by Author John (*A Bell for Adano*) Hersey, who has made the study of educational needs his avocation (he has four school-age children). The committee will try to focus attention on the whole Connecticut problem, set up workshops for teachers, introduce ideas that have worked well elsewhere, survey hitherto neglected rural areas.

The state has already made an impressive start toward helping its superior students. West Hartford's Alfred Plant Junior High School began an experimental program for them in 1950. At Hillhouse High School in New Haven, exceptionally bright students were put to work handling primary source material for a civic commemoration. Programs have also been set up in Darien, Fairfield, Norwalk, Cheshire, Stratford. Almost all Connecticut schools,

in varying degrees, have begun to give special attention to superior students.

Progress Report. This week Connecticut had a mine of information on the gifted child that should prove useful to it and other states facing the same problem: a progress report by an eight-state* Committee on the Gifted and Bright that has been sent to 350 prominent educators in the Northeast, will be published in December as a booklet. Some of its points:

¶ Contrary to common opinion, superior and talented children are more stable emotionally than the average child, and more mature physically.

¶ Such children should be given a minimum of practice in the fundamental skills



Ray Main - Life

CONNECTICUT'S HERSEY
Teacher need not be so bright.

(e.g., arithmetic, reading) should be allowed to create and solve problems, concentrate on research and reading.

¶ Any extra time they have on their hands during school should be used in making contributions to the common welfare, e.g., leading discussions, planning and conducting school programs and drives.

¶ In school, they should not always be allowed to lead, should be encouraged to join in activities in which they do not excel, learn not to feel unhappy when they are not running things.

¶ The teacher of gifted children need not be as bright as her brightest student, but she must be sympathetic and skillful in guiding the selection of studies.

¶ Teachers should guard against glorification of the bright and the implication that courses and materials of other students are second-rate: this attitude can demoralize students, parents and teachers.

* Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey.



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MEDICINE

The Great Psychiatrist

Sigmund Freud once complained that many biographers idealize their subjects and thus "forgo the opportunity of penetrating into the most fascinating secrets of human nature." His own biographer need have no guilt feelings on this score. British Psychoanalyst Ernest Jones, the only loyal survivor of Freud's original disciples, reveres the Master of Psychoanalysis; yet he is able to probe for many of the most fascinating secrets of Freud's nature. The first volume of Jones's projected three-volume biography (TIME, Oct. 19, 1953) took the subject through his youth—including such matters as breast-feeding and sibling rivalry. The present volume* continues Freud's fascinating case history, taking him up to the age of 63. It shows Freud moving in on the new century whose soul he was to haunt and, in large measure, to dominate.

Sex in the Cradle. Says Biographer Jones flatly: "In 1901 Freud, at the age of 45, had attained complete maturity, a consummation of development that few people really achieve." Jones credits this victory over neurotic disturbances, including inferiority feelings, to the "imperishable feat" of the four-year self-analysis that Freud began in 1897.

Less devout Freudian psychologists may question whether Freud's maturity was as complete as Jones describes—and they can do so on the basis of Psychiatrist Jones's own evidence. There is no denying that Freud needed all the maturity he could muster in the first years of the 20th century. After years of obscurity, he became a world figure, denounced from pul-



FREUD WITH SONS ERNST AND MARTIN
The children lost out to mushrooms.

pit and scientific platform alike as a menace to morality, a threat to religion and even to civilization itself.

Freud had already published his masterpiece, *The Interpretation of Dreams*. In 1905 came a slim, paper-covered booklet, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*. In its most startling section, Freud argued that the infant is capable of erotic sensations from the beginning of life. It took more than four years to sell 1,000 copies; after a dozen years and three editions, Freud's monetary reward was 262 kronen (\$53.08). "This publication," says Jones, "was felt to be a calamity on the innocence of the nursery."

In the same year Freud published *The Case of Dora*, the partial analysis of a girl of 18. She had the misfortune to be in love with both her father and his mistress—according to Freud—although conventional psychiatrists of the day would have dismissed her troubles simply as the result of "depression."

For Doctors or Policemen? A psychiatrist named Walther Spielmeyer denounced the use of psychoanalysis on Dora as "mental masturbation." Jones himself reports: "I was forced to resign a neurological appointment in London for making inquiries into the sexual life of patients." By 1910 the mere mention of Freud's theories was enough to start the chairman of a Hamburg congress, Herr Professor Wilhelm Weygandt, banging his fist and shouting: "This is not a topic for discussion at a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police."

But Freud now no longer stood alone. As early as 1902, he had asked his first supporters to meet in the little waiting room of his apartment each week. The "Psychological Wednesday Society" had four charter members besides Freud: Alfred Adler, Max Kahane, Rudolf Reitler (the second man in history to perform a

psychoanalysis), Wilhelm Stekel. In 1906 Freud learned with joy that the famed Burghölzli Clinic of Zurich University had taken up his methods at the instance of Carl Gustav Jung (TIME, Feb. 14). Freud "soon decided that Jung was to be his successor, and at times called him his 'son and heir' . . ."

American Mistake. In 1909 Freud was one of several notables invited to attend the 20th-anniversary celebration of Clark University in Worcester, Mass. Freud was hostile from the start. He noted that the world's finest collection of Cyprian antiquities was in New York City. He wanted to see that and Niagara, he said, and nothing more. Freud spent his first days in the New World tramping around museum collections rifled from the Old. He visited Coney Island, dined at Hammerstein's Roof Garden, and was "quietly amused" by his first movie. Freud called America "a gigantic mistake," and wrote pettishly that "tobacco . . . is the only excuse I know for Columbus' misdeed."

Analytic Jones never manages to explain fully Freud's peculiar hostility toward the U.S. He lists trivia, such as 53-year-old Freud's oversensitiveness (surely immature) when a guide in Niagara's Cave of the Winds called: "Let the old fellow go first." And he notes that Freud unfairly blamed rich U.S. food for intestinal trouble that actually antedated his visit by several years, and was probably a psychosomatic remnant of his earlier neurosis. "I often said to myself," Freud once wrote, "that whoever is not master of his Konrad^o should not set out on travels." There is no doubt that Freud suffered while in the U.S. from both chronic appendicitis and prostatic discomfort. In connection with his prostatitis, which necessitated frequent urinating, he

* *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, Vol. II, 1901-19* (312 pp.); Basic Books; \$6.75.



HANNIBAL
Father lost out to Rome.

Domenico Gatti

* Freud's term for bowels.



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complained: "They escort you along miles of corridors, and ultimately you are taken to the very basement, where a marble palace awaits you—only just in time."

The Apostates. The Freudian school soon broke out in a rash of passionate factionalism equalled in intensity perhaps only by Marxism's chronic dissensions. Just as Karl Marx left his carbuncular anger to his heirs, so Freud's brilliant but obstinate, vain and hypersensitive character seems to have shaped the psychoanalytic movement. There were squabbles, rivalries, accusations. In 1910 began a series of famed apostasies of disciples who refused to accept Freud's theories unconditionally. First Adler deserted, then Stekel, and finally "Crown Prince" Carl Gustav Jung himself. Biographer Jones suggests that the dissidents were those who still felt "obliged to perpetuate the rebelliousness of childhood."

More revealing is Jones's account of Freud's self-analysis of his two famed fainting spells, which occurred when he bested Jung in relatively minor arguments. "Freud," says Jones, "expressed the opinion that all his attacks could be traced to the effect on him of his young brother's death when he [Sigmund] was a year and seven months old. It would therefore seem that Freud was himself a mild case of the type he described as 'those who are wrecked by success,' in this case the success of defeating an opponent—the earliest example of which was his successful death-wish against his little brother Julius." That is going some, even for such an "imperishable feat" as Freud's self-analysis.

Where There Is Smoke. Throughout World War I Freud hoped for a German victory (his three sons were in Austrian service), but felt guilty about doing so. In blind disregard of censorship laws, he corresponded with Dr. Jones in England. He complained about the fall in the value of money, the scarcity of food and especially cigars. Jones thinks that, with Freud, smoking was not merely a habit but an addiction—he smoked 20 cigars a day, was literally ill without them. But Jones offers no analysis of this extraordinary dependence. A very common Freudian interpretation: cigars and cigarettes are "nipple substitutes," and reliance on them is a sign of fixation at the oral (most infantile) level of development.

Aside from smoking, Freud's one great self-indulgence was travel. He so hated Vienna that he would not even take a trolley to its waltzy woods. He would spend part of his summer vacation with his growing family—three sons, three daughters.⁶ Then he would leave his wife behind and push on with a companion—sometimes a brother, often his sister-in-law Minna Bernays—for some energetic touring.

Freud had a passion for mushrooms. "On an expedition for the purpose, he

⁶ Oliver, now a Philadelphia engineer; Ernst, an architect; Martin, a sometime lawyer; Anna, a psychoanalyst; and Mathilde, a housewife, all living in London. Sophie died in Germany after World War I.



MICHELANGELO'S "MOSES"
Long-givers see eye to eye.

would often leave the children and . . . then creep silently up to it and suddenly pounce to capture the fungus with his hat as if it were a bird or butterfly." Unfortunately, Analyst Jones does not reveal the unconscious symbolism either of this hunting technique or of the underlying love of mushrooms, though, of course, they grow best in musty, dank recesses—like neuroses.

Mother Rome. As much as Freud detested Vienna he admired and adored Rome. Yet for half his life he worshipped it from afar. Instead of going to Rome, he dreamed of it. But "some mysterious taboo" held him back: in years of extensive travels, he got little closer to Rome than Trasimeno, 85 miles away. That was as close as Hannibal ever got—an important point to Freud, who idolized the Carthaginian.

Dr. Jones scoffs at the many explanations, nearly all postulating an unconscious urge to join the Church of Rome, which have been offered for Freud's strange behavior. In Jones's view, the answer lies in Freud's Oedipus feelings. Rome was "the Mother of Cities." At first he could not excel his father-image, Hannibal, Rome's enemy. So, says Jones, it was only after years of self-analysis "that Freud at last conquered [his] resistance and triumphantly entered Rome." In other words, he shouldered his father aside and possessed his Mother of Cities.

No one seeing Freud and his brother Alexander get off the train in Rome would have suspected that anything of this sort was happening. Freud behaved much like any other tourist. But in no time he was up against yet another father-figure—Michelangelo's famed statue of Moses in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. Freud "used to flinch at the angry gaze as



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if he were one of the disobedient mob . . ." But later, Freud promoted himself and identified himself with Moses. Thus he was able, writing in 1914 after the defections of Adler, Stekel and Jung, to put a new psychoanalytic interpretation on the 400-year-old statue. It did not, he held, show Moses freshly descended from the Mount and about to chastise the Israelites for dancing about their golden calf. Rather, Freud read it as showing Moses deciding not to hasten after the mob lest he lose the Tablets of the Law. This he called "the highest mental achievement . . . struggling successfully against an inward passion for the sake of a cause." Freud was often plagued by doubt about the value of his work, but when he remembered how tolerant he had been of apostates to his own creed, he could feel like Moses.

Man's Fate. The Jones biography shows again that Freud was essentially a pessimist about mankind. "I don't rack my brains much about the problem of good and evil," he once wrote, "but on the whole I have not found much of the 'good' in people . . ."

What, in the dark recesses of this personality, was the origin of Freud's genius? Dr. Jones wastes no time on anything so dubious as sublimated sexual energy, although he notes in a well-bred British way: "The more passionate side of married life subsided with him earlier than it does with many men." Neither does the analyst get much help from the periods of Freud's greatest creativity. These are marked by a banal anal factor. His productivity, the great man once wrote, probably had much to do with the "enormous improvement" in the activity of his Konrad.

Seeking the wellspring of genius. Analyst Jones goes underground. The search for truth, he believes, was "the deepest and strongest driving force" in Freud's life. What truth? Essentially the same thing as "the child's desire to know . . . the meaning of birth and what has brought it about." In Freud's early childhood there must have been a man who knew the secrets. "Well, there was his half brother Philipp [20 years his senior] whom he suspected of being his mother's mate . . ." Jones guesses that this half brother may have given young Sigmund some joking version of the facts of life that may have hurt the child. This relatively trivial explanation of what Jones justly calls a noble striving is typical of a danger that psychoanalysis often faces, the danger of keeping its eyes not on the heights but on the mushrooms. But Analyst Jones is also conscious of the heights when he concludes:

"It would be a curious trick of fate if this little man [Freud's half brother]—he is said to have ended up as a peddler—had through his mere existence proved to have fortuitously struck the spark that lit the future Freud's determination to trust himself alone, to resist the impulse to believe in others more than in himself, and in that way to make imperishable the name of Freud."



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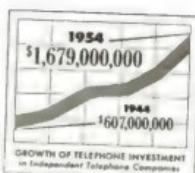
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SCIENCE

Briton Ejected

With verve, nerve and skill, British aviation last week hacked its reputation for daring. On a little-used airstrip at Chalgrove, Oxfordshire, Test Pilot John Stuart ("Fifield") Fifield volunteered to make the first live test of Martin-Baker Aircraft Co.'s low-altitude ejection seat (TIME, March 21). Tossing a pilot out of an airplane at high altitude is comparatively simple. There is plenty of time for the parachute to open. Doing it at low altitude, especially at ground level, is much more risky. The Martin-Baker system has controls that match its performance automatically to the altitude of the jump. It

a vertical runway; they drank champagne in booths maintained by sales-conscious manufacturers.

Stars of the show were Britain's newest jet engines. De Havilland's Gyron has 15,000 lbs. of static thrust, is claimed to be the most powerful in the world. The Rolls-Royce Conway, a "by-pass jet" with 13,000 lbs. of thrust (TIME, July 4), was shown at Farnborough for the first time.

The "static" showing of airplane components is not what made Farnborough famous. The general public, admitted for three days, came in hundreds of thousands to see airplanes do breathtaking stunts. Three years ago a De Havilland DH-110 jet fighter disintegrated and plunged into



TEST PILOT FIFIELD ESCAPING FROM BRITISH METEOR ON TAKE-OFF
From shoot to chute in six seconds.

had been tested many times with dummies, but no live man had entrusted his life to its mechanical judgment.

Fifield got into the rear seat of a Meteor jet plane. With another test pilot at the controls, the plane screamed down the strip and reached 157 m.p.h. Just before the wheels left the ground, Fifield pulled the release handle. The ejection seat shot into the air. Fifty feet up, he separated from the seat and kept rising. When he reached 80 ft., two small parachutes pulled a big parachute out of its pack. It opened just in time, landing Fifield gently. The whole sequence, from ejection to landing, took six seconds.

Britons Aloft

Some 30 miles away, at Farnborough, Britain held its annual air show, inviting some 6,000 foreign visitors, military and civilian, to admire and buy the flying products of British airplane makers. The visitors gyrated in machines that simulate the violent motions of a jet fighter in flight; they were shot in an ejector seat up

a crowd, killing 28, but the crowds last week did not seem nervous when almost untested new airplanes flashed a few feet over their heads. Many of the airplanes were supersonic, but much to the crowd's disappointment, they all kept below the speed of sound. Britain's air officialdom has probably decided that the shock waves stirred up by the latest airplanes are too dangerous even for Britain's guttons-for-punishment public.

Test Pilot Roland Falk had been kidded by the press when he claimed he could roll his Vulcan, a delta-wing bomber the size of a big airliner. Last week, although scheduled only to make a low pass over the field, he rolled the great bomber like a jet fighter. Said a U.S. Air Force colonel: "I've never seen such a thing in my life." Said Falk: "I dared not ask them to let me do it. They might have said no."

Even this stunt was topped by Polish-born Test Pilot Jan Zurakowski in a CF-100, a Canadian-built interceptor. The CF-100 is also too big for much stunting, but Zurakowski flew it backwards. He shot

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up in a vertical climb until the airplane lost speed and slid down tail first. Then he flicked it over into a normal dive. Any pilot would be hard put to think of a more dangerous stunt that can be done with an airplane.

Automatic Dead Reckoning

The dead reckoning that oldtime sailors used in bad weather when they could not shoot the sun has a modern counterpart in Ryan Aeronautical Co.'s recently announced long-range air navigation system. The sailors estimated their speed, leeway and the effect of ocean currents to give them their rough position. The Ryan Automatic Navigator does much the same thing by making a fix on some object whose position is known (e.g., the Pentagon). While still within radar range, the instruments tell the ground speed, etc., by radar observations. With increasing distance, the instruments operate on their own, by sensing delicately each force that tends to divert the airplane from its proper course. A crosswind, for instance, is felt as a push from one side, and its effect is evaluated. All the deviations are "integrated" (put together and added up) by electronic computing devices. So the pilot, says Ryan, always knows where he is.

Another new gadget that does dead reckoning for aircraft is made by Ford Instrument Co. Simpler than the Ryan job, it estimates the effect of the wind in advance. Then it records the air speed and the course the airplane follows. It puts the whole thing together and figures out the airplane's position on a map. Average accuracy on a 1,000-mile flight: within about six miles.

Prehistoric Shrine

Modern archeological methods—including electrical soil probes and carbon-14 dating—are stripping bit by bit the ancient mystery from Stonehenge, the great megalithic monument on Britain's Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge's origin had been forgotten even in Roman times. Now the diggers know the age of different parts of it, where the great stones came from and what sort of people dragged them to Salisbury Plain. At the Bristol meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Prehistorian R.J.C. Atkinson of the University of Edinburgh told the latest Stonehenge theories.

Savage Shrine. Stonehenge was a center of a savage religion, and like the many cathedrals of medieval Europe, it took centuries to build. The first shrine, says Atkinson, was built about 1800 B.C. It was chiefly a circle of 56 "ritual pits," some of them containing cremated human remains, perhaps of ritual victims. A single stone stood upright at the circle's entrance, and near it was a wooden structure whose traces still remain.

At this period, Stonehenge was one of the largest of many savage sanctuaries in prehistoric Britain. Chief sign of its special eminence is the unusual number of neolithic tombs (Long Barrows) concentrated around it. But about 1650 B.C., a new tribe of barbarians came to Salis-



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STONEHENGE
Designed by a traveling salesman?

bury Plain. They were the Beaker People (so-called because of their characteristic pottery), and although they may have brought their own religion, they improved the Stonehenge shrine instead of destroying it. Their contribution was 82 "blue-stones," arranged in a double circle with stones flanking an axis that points toward the midsummer sunrise. This was a step forward in religious technology: it showed that the Beaker People had tied their ritual to the movements of the sun.

This kind of stone (a rhyolite) is found mainly in one place in Britain: the east end of the Preseli Mountains in the south of Wales. The stone may have been sacred because it makes fine axes, and the Beaker People had a cult that centered around the ax. At any rate, says Atkinson, they must have dragged and floated those 82 stones, weighing up to seven tons, all the way from Wales (about 200 miles).

Wessex Aristocrats. Stonehenge II lasted for some 150 years. Then a third people moved in to take over the ancient shrine. They decided that the bluestones were not big enough, so they quarried enormous blocks of sandstone in the Marlborough Downs, 25 miles from Stonehenge. Some of them weigh 40 tons, and they were dragged by sledges. Atkinson estimates that this job took more than 1,000 men working for ten years.

The builders of Stonehenge III were still barbarians whose chief occupation was herding sheep. But some of their chieftains, whose rather impressive tombs cluster around Stonehenge, had grown rich by buying the products of Irish bronze-smiths and trading them to customers all over Bronze Age Europe.

The foreign commerce of the "Wessex aristocrats" is probably the reason for the sophistication of the shrines they built

at Stonehenge. The heavy stone lintels are not merely placed on top of the uprights. They are laboriously fitted. The lintels are curved to fit the circles in which they lie, and their sides are inclined to counteract the foreshortening effect of perspective.

Such architectural subtleties are not normal for herdsmen. Atkinson's theory is that the trailing of the chieftains brought them in contact with the Minoans, the highly cultured seafarers of ancient Crete. The Wessex aristocrats acquired artistic ideas from the Mediterranean world, and these ideas were dimly reflected in Stonehenge III. A dagger like those of the Minoan culture was recently found carved on one of its stones.

Perhaps, speculates Atkinson, some Minoan came in person. To the barbarians of Salisbury Plain he must have seemed like a demi-god, full of wisdom and technical skill. If this traveler from civilization was the actual architect of Stonehenge III, Atkinson thinks that his glorious name may have come down through history as the magician Merlin of King Arthur's court, to whom ancient British legend ascribes the building of Stonehenge.

Satellite Schedule

The U.S. can launch not one but six to ten satellite "vehicles" in 1957-58. Dr. Homer E. Newell of the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory told a Brussels geographical conference last week. The satellites will probably weigh less than 100 lbs., but even if they weigh only 10 lbs., they will be trackable from the earth. Any interested party can track them or pick up their radio-signals. "The satellites will appear in their orbits," said Dr. Newell, "as a gift package from the U.S. Department of Defense."



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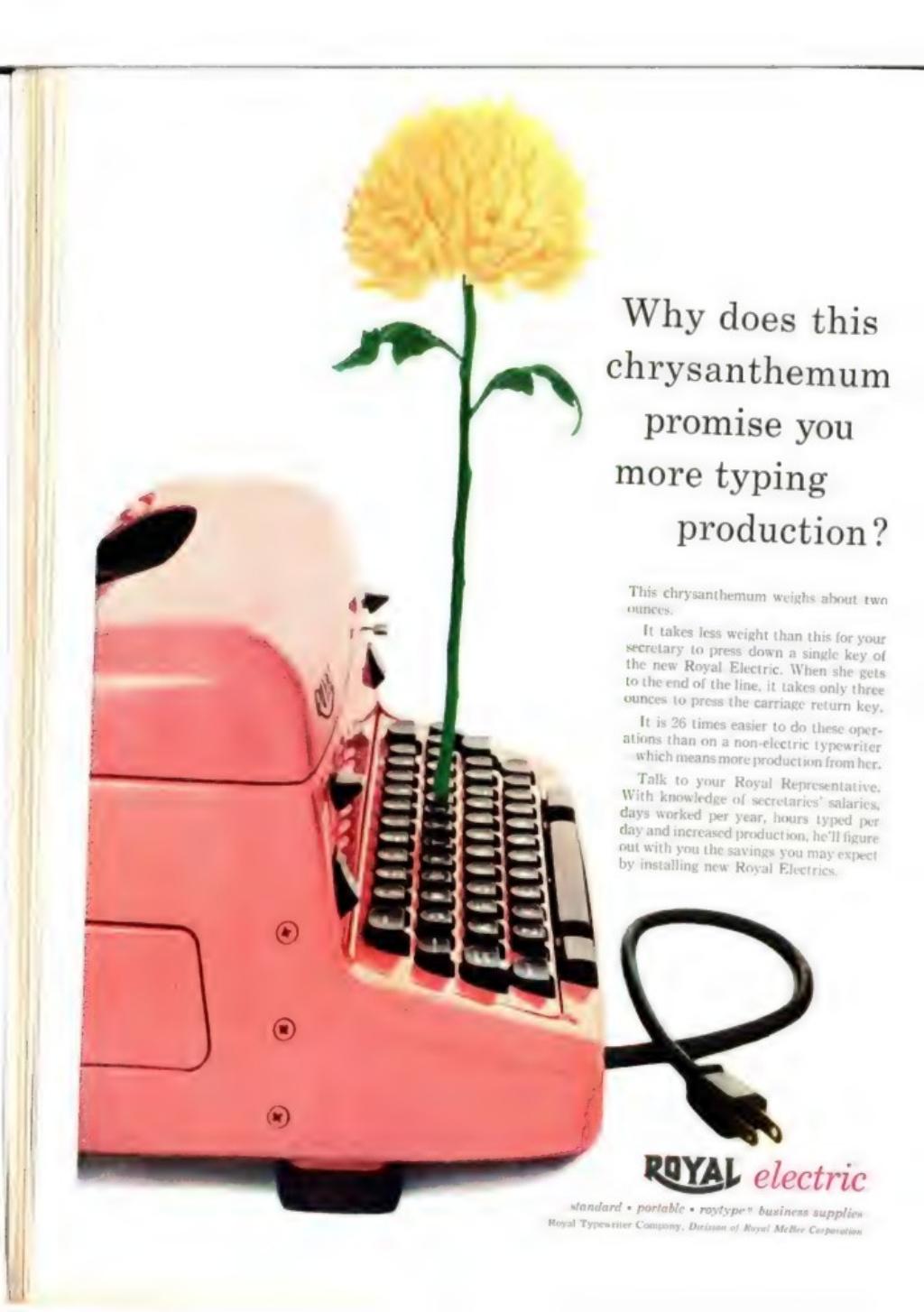
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THE PRESS

Yankee in Dixie

When Thomas Lambard Robinson got out of the Navy ten years ago, he had a secondhand Dodge, \$20,000 in savings and a burning ambition to own a daily newspaper. On a tour of the U.S. looking for a likely buy, he decided on the Charlotte (N.C.) *News*, which then had a circulation of 53,837 and was the largest afternoon daily in the Carolinas. The price was high, upwards of \$1,000,000. But Tom Robinson was sure that, on his record, he could get the backing.

After graduating from Harvard ('30), he worked as a reporter and admman for the *New York Times* and *Syracuse Post-Standard*, did public relations (for-the Panama Canal), ran the Casa Grande



Robert W. Kelley-Lite

CHARLOTTE'S ROBINSON
The Knights lengthen his days.

(Ariz.) weekly *Dispatch* for two years before joining the Navy, then sold it at war's end. With his own \$20,000, a borrowed \$55,000, and an option to buy the *News* in his pocket, Tom Robinson persuaded such well-heeled Carolinians as former Army Secretary Gordon Gray and Robert M. and James G. Hanes, operators of one of the state's biggest textile mills, to put up about \$450,000 to form the Charlotte News Publishing Co. With this backing, the new company borrowed another \$1,000,000 from Carolina banking and insurance interests, took over the paper in January 1947.

Pep & Palmolive. The *News* had a long way to go to challenge its prosperous but stodgy rival, the *Observer* (circ. 137,693). Robinson and his editors peped up the paper's reporting and writing, cleaned up its typography, expanded the sports section, ran more pictures. On the editorial page, Robinson jumped into fights with both feet, soon made a reputa-

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tion throughout the South as a strong voice. Despite local drys, the *News* fought for legalized liquor and thus helped run 400 bootleggers out of business; the *News* ripped the hide off Race-Baiter Bryant Bowles when he spoke in Charlotte. In four years, the *News* won three first prizes for editorials from the North Carolina Press Association.

Publisher Robinson rattled around Charlotte in his battered old Dodge to speak to citizens' groups, hustled for ads. Once, on a visit to Manhattan, he phoned Colgate-Palmolive Co. Chairman E. H. Little on the pretext that he wanted to pay his respects "to the most prominent North Carolinian in New York." Little was so pleased that he sent his car around for Robinson, who ended up with an ad contract from the soap company. In 8½ years, the *News's* circulation has risen 30% to 69,858, advertising revenues doubled, and gross yearly earnings (before taxes) increased from \$900,000 to \$2,200,000, enabling the paper to pay off its \$1,000,000 debt.

Trouble Ahead? Then trouble loomed for Robinson. Nine months ago, Chicago *Daily News* Publisher John S. Knight moved into Charlotte, bought the *Observer* and made it the fifth paper in his chain. Robinson was well aware that Jack Knight is tough competition, and newsmen wondered whether Robinson would fight him or try to make a deal to let him take over the *News*, make Charlotte a one-paper town.

Last week Tom Robinson gave his answer. He borrowed \$1,000,000 and bought out all of his stockholders. For them it was a good deal: they got back more than double (before taxes) what they had invested. With complete ownership of the paper, Robinson squared off to do battle with the Knight chain. Tom Robinson professes to be unworried. Says he: "It's very healthy for any city to have strongly competitive papers. The Knights just make my days longer."

Lid on the Sewer

Four recent libel suits did not faze *Confidential* magazine (TIME, July 11), and caused no change in its up-from-the-sewer journalistic formula of sex and sin. But in Washington last month, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield threw a scare into the magazine that rattled every skeleton in its closet: he barred *Confidential* from the mails after a "number of complaints." Post Office officials objected to, among other things, a racy description of a stripteaser's gyrations and a "questionable" cheesecake photograph of Hollywood Starlet Terry Moore. Hereafter, each issue of *Confidential* must be cleared by the Post Office before it will be accepted for mailing. Publisher Robert Harrison promptly appealed to the U.S. District Court in Washington. Without mailing privileges, he said, he would be forced to "discontinue publication." Though only about 30,000 readers of *Confidential* are mail subscribers, millions of copies sold on newsstands are distributed through post offices.

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RELIGION

Reformation Church

In Honolulu last week, 1,300 bishops, priests and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church met under Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill for their 58th triennial general convention—the first held outside the U.S. continent. The site was the result of controversy: Houston, originally chosen, had been rejected for its racial segregation. But controversy continued to break out at the convention itself.

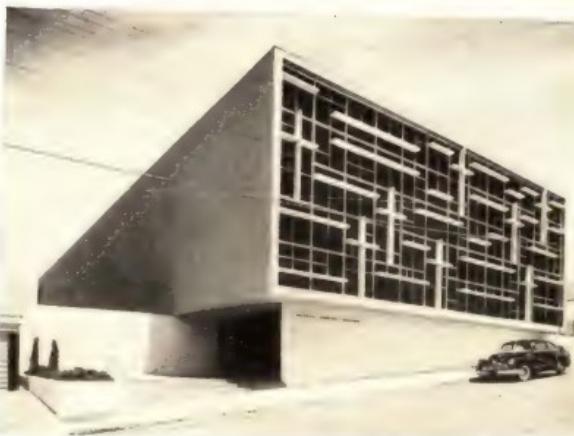
"Latin peoples are religiously under-nourished," said Bishop Egmont M. Krischke of Southwestern Brazil, backed up by Bishop Isidro de los Reyes of the Philippine Independent Church and the Right Rev. Louis C. Meicher, Bishop of Central Brazil. Roman Catholic Latin Americans in rural areas, said Bishop Krischke, have "their illiteracy and credulity exploited in a most sordid way," and in the cities better educated Catholics "are giving up what they suppose to be the Christian faith, but which is actually only a medieval version of it."

The Most Rev. John J. Scanlan, Auxiliary Bishop of Honolulu's Roman Catholic Diocese, promptly protested. "It certainly seems in bad taste that the delegates should choose this occasion to offend the largest religious group in these islands [and] to attack the motives and teachings of that Church which is the Mother of Christian civilization."

Another convention issue: the old question of dropping the word "Protestant" from the name of the denomination, to point up its view that the Episcopal church is truly catholic. The proposal was voted down 892 to 55. Said Lawyer Charles P. Taft, brother of the late Senator and lay delegate from Ohio: "The word Protestant is very important. Our church is a Reformation church in fact."



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Protests for Protestants.



CORPUS CHRISTI ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW CHURCHES

SINCLAIR LEWIS, that old village atheist, ironically professed to see American skyscrapers as cathedrals; the commercial towers of Babbitt's home town "aspired above the morning mists." In the booming cities of the '50s, it is not only skyscrapers that are rising from the ground. The U.S. is witnessing the greatest church-building boom in its history.

All faiths, all denominations, all areas of the country are caught up in the construction rush. In the last decade, churches have spent \$3 billion on new building, as compared to the \$1.3 billion spent in the previous peak decade, the '20s. Estimates for the next ten years run to approximately \$7.2 billion. Other facts and figures:

¶ Last year U.S. churches spent half a billion dollars on new construction, with the Southern Baptists alone accounting for \$130 million and the Congregational Christian Churches spending more than \$20 million.

¶ So far this year, the upward trend has continued. The Departments of Commerce and Labor announced last week that a new monthly record of \$69 million in church building was set in August—\$3,000,000 more than the previous record month, July.

¶ Fund-raising for future building is going full force. Last year the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. (Northern) raised \$12 million, the Congregationalists \$4,500,000. In May, the American Baptist Convention (Northern) had \$6,500,000 of its \$8 million building-fund goal. The Episcopalians recently raised some \$4,000,000.

¶ The construction industry also reflects the trend. In the first three months of 1955, 7% of all non-residential building contracts, totaling

\$128 million, went to religious building, a 60% increase over the previous first-quarter record, in 1952.

One out of every four of the new churches is modern (see color pages). Until recently, U.S. congregations and architects favored elaborate copies of older styles, particularly Gothic. But many 20th century churchgoers found American Gothic phony, dark and depressing. Since World War II, designers have kicked over church traditions so completely that one architect has described the state of religious architecture as "anarchy," with good and bad sprouting together in the search for newness and originality. But the best designers build on the basic requirement of all religious buildings: that they produce in worshipers a sense of closeness to one another and aspiration to God. The parabola has become an increasingly popular form, especially in Roman Catholic churches, which use it to symbolize the open arms of Christ drawing His people to Him, as in St. Louis' Church of the Resurrection of Our Lord and the Catholic Chapel of Brandeis University's Interfaith Center.

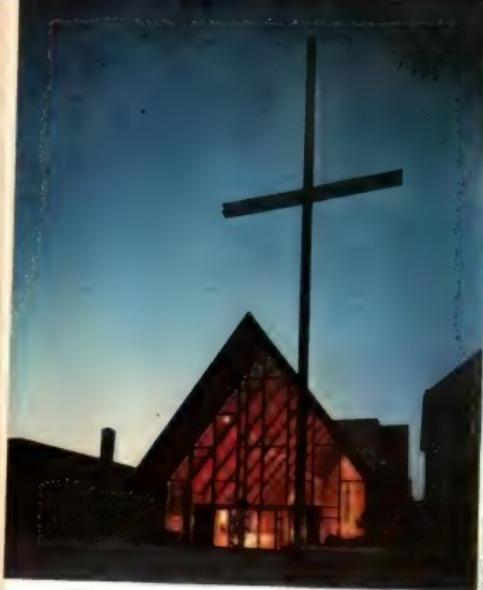
The use of clear glass has become more widespread in the new churches, partly for reasons of economy, and where stained glass is used, it is of lighter and simpler design. Gables tend to be high, with long, sloping roofs, as in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Columbus. This "tent" construction lends itself well to expansion by making it relatively simple to increase the length of the nave.

But there still are heated controversies in many parishes about modern church design, and many Americans still feel uncomfortable praying amid all the cold steel, stone and glass. Most

(continued after color pages)



UNADORNED REDWOOD ARCHES and plain butt brick base of apse combine simplicity of modern design with Gothic form in Roman Catholic Church of St. Philip the Apostle in Clifton, N.J.



TENT FORM of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Columbus, Ohio, adapted from northern European village churches is set off by severe 70-ft. steel cross and plain glass façade



TEPEE SHAPE of Hopewell Baptist Church, built by oil workers near Edmond, Okla., is supported by trusses of pipe.



PARABOLIC PLAN of Roman Catholic Church of the Resurrection of our Lord, in St. Louis, includes separate baptistery

(foreground) and brick walls, symbolizing outstretched arms gathering pilgrims toward altar at focus of domed skylight.



BRONZE SCULPTURE, 28-ft. *Pillar of Fire* (right), enhances modern exterior of Congregation Beth El in Springfield, Mass.



SYMBOLIC LADDER, representing reach to heaven, tops gleaming white Faith Lutheran Church in Tucson Ariz., has given it the irreverent title "Johnny Rabbit Ears on the Desert."



WOODEN BUTTRESSES support St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Pacific Palisades, Calif., remodeled for \$15,000 from a smaller frame building with inexpensive materials.





COMMUNION TABLES beneath clerestory windows' stained glass panels surround altar in center of octagon-shaped St. John's Lutheran Church in Midland, Mich.

Photo © 1966



BAPTISTRY CHAPEL of Houston's Episcopal Church of St. John the Divine filters light through glass to achieve cool, watery feeling, symbolic of the washing away of sins.



MARBLE ALTAR of St. Brigid's Roman Catholic Church in Los Angeles has curved plywood bimah (canopy) and rich backing of Italian glass mosaic.

important, unlike Sinclair Lewis' "aspiring" skyscrapers, these churches do not always reach toward the sky. For the most part, they hug the earth and nestle in the landscape. In that sense, like all religious architecture, they may express the faith of their age. Says M.I.T. Architect Pietro Belluschi: "Modern man may not wish his temple to reach to Heaven, which was the sky to the man of the Middle Ages; he may wish, rather, that it be human in scale, appropriate to the inward search and responsive to . . . the needs of a complex age."

God Between Innings

As the summer heat melted his congregation, the Rev. Richard L. Key of Yuma, Ariz., took a bold step. To publicize his nondenominational First Christian Church, he signed a contract with radio station KOLD to sponsor local night baseball games. Sports-loving Pastor Key, 37, a pitcher in Yuma's adult softball league and a sometime newscaster, did not bear down too heavily on salvation between the innings. His talks—mostly about perseverance, hope, kindness—had plenty of light moments. When the microphone caught a ballplayer cursing, Pastor Key pointed up an alternative to swearing with the story of the Quaker lady motorist who squealed a blaspheming truck driver with "When thee gets back to thy kennel, I hope thy mother bites thee."

Pastor Key's commercials paid off. Looking back over the season this week, Key found attendance at First Christian up 75% over last summer.

Space Theology

The first interplanetary padre, confronted by an antennaeed Martian or fly-eyed Venusian, will hardly know what to say about the Gospel. First he will have to find out how the space creature stands with God: Is he in an unfallen state like Adam and Eve before the apple? Is he fallen but redeemed and, if so, how? Is he under the Lordship of Christ, and should he be baptized?

Theological speculations along these lines, hotted up by space talk and Europe's recent rash of flying saucers, are bemusing continental Christian thinkers. Professor Eduard Stakemeier, Roman Catholic theologian at the Philosophical-Theological Academy at Paderborn, Germany, feels that planetary missionizing would be unwise.

"Christian teaching is indeed compatible with the assumption that there are extra-terrestrial rational creatures similar to human beings," he writes in the Düsseldorf daily, *Rheinische Post*. "The supreme world aim is the glorification of God through rational beings . . . Should we assume there to be nothing but deserts in all these [other] worlds?"

"The inhabitants of other worlds could be like us, but they could also be much superior to us in sense and will. And perhaps they also surpass us in gratitude to the Creator and in goodness and love to all that demands love and kindness. [But] in principle we must say that the Chris-



BILL MESSINGER
PASTOR KEY & YUMA PLAYER
Through the heat with KOLD.

tian order of redemption was realized by God for this world . . . Only we, who are descended from Adam, are born in original sin, and God became man to redeem us . . . His church and His sacraments are [not] valid for . . . other planets."

A Missionary Task? Dr. Michael Schmaus, professor of Catholic dogma at the University of Munich, agrees that there is nothing in Christian teaching to deny the existence of unearthly rational beings. Christ, he writes, is certainly their head, for according to St. Paul, He is the head of the universe. But "the question remains open whether He also has the



ASSOCIATED PRESS
THEOLOGIAN GEMELLI
Through Adam to the planets.

significance of Redeemer for them. That in turn depends on whether these rational creatures have sinned and whether, like mankind, they need redeeming . . .

"If they, too, are to be redeemed through Christ, this does not mean that the heavenly Logos must appear amongst them as it did in the history of mankind. It could be that the redemption through Christ could be preached to them by some messenger of the faith without [Christ] making any visible appearance to them. But it is also possible that God did not give these creatures any supernatural goal and that He determined for them natural perfection . . ."

Slightly Premature. Italian theologians have not yet entered into space theology with the same gusto as the Germans. Jesuit Father Antonio Messineo, contributing editor of the fortnightly *Civiltà Cattolica*, favors a wait-and-see attitude. "The question of an eventual missionary activity among the inhabitants of other planets," he said, "hinges on two fundamental questions: 1) is there spiritual and physical human life on planets, and 2) are the inhabitants still in the state of original grace, or have they fallen into sin?"

But Father Agostino Gemelli, rector of Milan's Catholic University of the Sacred Heart flatly denies the possibility of extraterrestrial life: the Scripture makes no mention of it. Says he: "If God had created other men on other planets, these men would not be derived from Adam, and one would not be able to understand the logic of the divine plan of man's salvation . . . To admit that the divine plan of salvation is illogical is the same as not recognizing the infinite wisdom of God. It is fantastic to suppose that God would place such men on other planets. Remember that the world was created by God for God's glory. What glory would God derive from men deprived of supernatural gifts?"

In the face of the planetary emergency the Vatican maintained its calm. The whole question, said a spokesman, seemed as of this week "slightly premature."

Words & Works

¶ In Uniontown, Pa., more than 100,000 Roman Catholics at the 21st annual pilgrimage of the Pittsburgh Greek Rite Diocese to the Shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help heard Auxiliary Bishop Fulton J. Sheen of New York sing the first pontifical Mass (Byzantine rite) ever offered in English. The congregation joined in prayer for the conversion of Russia. Bishop Sheen prayed that the Communist hammer-and-sickle symbol "may be transfigured so that the sickle will look like the moon under Our Lady's feet and the hammer like the cross from which Christ will forgive His persecutors."

¶ A Peking Communist magazine, *China Youth*, admitted to its readers that religious believers offer a special problem to brainwashers. "People can break any idol, but this won't wash the divinity of the brain of religious followers," said the magazine. "This must be done through persuasion and education . . . constant atheistic propaganda."

SPORT

September Habit

Far from the green grass of Yankee Stadium, a tourist in Rome succumbed to an old Yankee habit: psychoanalyzing the Brooklyn Dodgers. Said Joseph Paul DiMaggio about a possible Dodger-Yankee World Series: "It has gotten so bad with them in Brooklyn that they can't even say the word 'Yankees.' It's always 'those blankety-blank lucky Yankees'—to put it politely. I guess the only thing that can cure them is a brainwashing."

To National Leaguers, the Dodgers seemed almost too sound, physically and mentally. In the week's big game, they clipped the second-place Milwaukee Braves, 10-2, and picked up their eighth pennant since 1901. It had taken them just 138 games. Only once before had any team in the league won with less: in 1904 the Giants took 137 games.

In 1955 the Dodgers ran away from the league. Never headed, they took 22 out of their first 24, for a 6½-game lead. By June 21 they had gained another game; after that, their lead never dropped below ten. Even during a midseason slump (they lost twelve out of 18 in August), the margin grew because the rest of the pack, snarling and snapping at themselves, knocked each other off to push the Dodger lead to an enormous 16½.

This year the Dodgers did everything right. Their big battery, Newcombe and Campanella, accounted for 20 games and 39 home runs between them. Somehow the right man was always on the bench when needed. Pitchers Roger Craig and Don Bessent came up from the minors to take over when the rest of the staff faltered. Even Bullpen Catcher Rube Walker was able to take over for Campanella when Roy was out with a bad knee.



Associated Press
MANAGER LOPEZ

After the bobbles, a ball game.

For all their pennants, the Dodgers have never beaten the Yankees (or anyone else) in a World Series. So the Dodgers' duty is clear. Said Dodger President Walter O'Malley: "I want to beat the Yankees. We have to beat the Yankees some time or other, and this ought to be the time."

Comedy of Errors

For the last time this season, the New York Yankees squared off against the Chicago White Sox. The tension of the tightest pennant race in years turned the game into a heart-stopping, memorable parody of big-league ball. The World



Associated Press

VANKE RHUBARB AT BALTIMORE
What Casey wants, Casey gets—sometimes.

Series itself could scarcely generate more excitement.

In a few minutes in the second inning, the Yankees looked like a pennant-winning ball club: Manager Casey Stengel was the hunch-playing "perfesser" of old. The score was tied (1-1), there was one out, and the bases were full of Yanks. Pitcher Rip Coleman, who was holding his own on the mound, was due at the plate. But Casey yanked him in favor of Pinch-Hitter Bob Cerv, who stepped up and hit a single. Two runs scored. Then Outfielder Elston Howard bounced a home run off the right-field foul pole, and it was 6-1.

This was the big inning Casey was shooting for. It hardly seemed to matter that it could have been bigger. Gil McDougald could be forgiven for failing to tag third and score on Mantle's long fly to right. Casey could even overlook Billy Martin's first-inning bobble that had given the Sox their run. (No sooner had Billy received the Babe Ruth Award for his outstanding performance in the 1953 Series, when he let a routine grounder scoot through his legs.) The Indians might win in Boston, but the Yanks would still be right on their backs.

Incredible Errors. The Sox saw things differently. This was a game they had to win, if they wanted to stay in the race. Slowly they pecked away at the lead. They scored one run in the third, another in the fifth, two in the seventh. Casey began to worry about those lost chances. He jugged his line-up like a man possessed. Now Martin was out with a torn fingernail; Berra was gone with an upset stomach; Charley Silvera was back of the plate. Starting the ninth, the Yanks were only two thin runs in front.

Then there were two Chicago outs. Lumbering Lee Moss stepped up and pateted an easy grounder to Carey at third. That should have been the ball game. But Carey accomplished the incredible: he muffed the chance. Moss was safe. Before sanity came back to the stadium, three runs were home, and Chicago was in front at last.

Pinch-Hitter Eddie Robinson came in for Silvera and flied out. Mickey Mantle, hitless all day, slammed a screamer off Durolo's foot and raced all the way to second. It seemed a wasted effort. Joe Collins flied out, and Hank Bauer wallopéd a long fly to left. Minnie Minoso had a bead on the ball, got both hands on it—and suddenly it was bouncing behind him for another unbelievable error. Mantle was home, and the Yankees were still alive.

Bush-League Catcher. Coming into the tenth, Casey had his work cut out for him. Now Silvera was gone; so was the only other Yankee catcher. Elston Howard. Who could put on the mask and pads to help hold off the Sox? Once more, Casey's brain clicked and whirred. He remembered Hank Bauer in Quincy, Ill., in the Three-I League, ten years ago. Hank had handled the tools of ignorance briefly in those days as a busher. Besides, the ex-marine was an old pro, the kind of guy who would stop a hard one with his teeth if he had to. Bauer it was. Joe Collins

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MORE LIGHT. The picture above was taken by the glow of the chemical piled on the tray. It's the phosphor used inside the General Electric slimline fluorescent lamp to produce light. It's 19% brighter than it was five years ago. Holds its brightness better, too. Result: over the original 6000-hour life period, today's G-E slimline lamp gives 31% more light than the 1950 slimline.

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moved to the outfield; Robinson went to first.

Minnie Minoso drew a walk and was sacrificed to second. Still switching players as fast as he could remember their names, Casey had brought Tom Morgan in to pitch. Understandably, Bauer dropped a wide throw, and Minoso slid into third. Even so, the Yanks seemed safe. Catcher Moss bounced a routine grounder down to Phil Rizzuto. Incredibly, the incredible happened again. Robinson dropped Rizzuto's peg. Minoso came home, and the Sox were back in front. This time they held on to their lead and walked off the field winners, 9-8.

Still Running. Even the stretch-run jitters could not explain the Yankee errors. Even the voluble Casey was speechless with rage. This was worse than Baltimore, where, five days before, the Yanks had blown another and wound up blaming it on the umpires (*see cut*). It was hard to believe New York was still in the league. But the Yankees knew better. Next day, they gave Cleveland a rough afternoon, split a double header, stayed 1½ games back and managed to remind Manager Al Lopez' pace-setting Indians that they were still running hard in the pennant race.

Better Than Ever

After their dismal showing in the Davis Cup challenge round, U.S. tennis players hardly figured to stand a chance in their own national championship. Australia's Lew Hoad, with his big, booming game, and Ken Rosewall, with his classic ground shots, looked too hot to handle. Ex-Champions Seixas and Trabert should have been completely outclassed.

In the semi-final, against Seixas, Rosewall looked even better than he did playing for the cup. Vic never had a chance, and he seemed to know it. All he could do was make a gentlemanly speech about losing to a better player. It was Hoad who first upset the dope. Facing a rejuvenated Trabert, he took three games and then fell apart. He gave the match away, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1.

Still sizzling, Tony took the center court next day and wasted no time. Now there was no nonplaying Davis Cup captain sitting on the sidelines to talk over strategy every other game. Tony was on his own, and playing better than ever. On the scorching and rain-damp turf, Rosewall could never get set for his nicely timed ground shots. The hard-hopping serve and sharply angled volleys that are Tony's pride kept little Ken off balance. Once in the first set, and again in the second, Tony turned cautious: Rosewall promptly picked up the pace and threatened to catch him. Then Tony stopped trying to outguess his opponent and turned on the power. It was more than enough. He won going away, 9-7, 6-3, 6-3. Taking back the title he lost last year proved easier than Tony could have dreamed.

Once more the absence of Little Mo Connolly put the women's championship up for grabs. Everyone seemed to have a



Greg Villet—Lif
CHAMPION TRABERT AT FOREST HILLS
No coach, no caution.

chance. First, second-seeded Louise Brough was upset by tiny Belinda Gundersen; then third-seeded Beverly Baker Fleitz was overrun by 17-year-old Junior Champion Barbara Breit. In the end, though, steady Doris Hart held on to her title. In a one-sided final, she whipped England's Pat Ward 6-4, 6-2.

Scoreboard

¶ Sticking to his habit of breaking world records nearly every time he sets foot on a track, Hungarian Army Lieut. Sandor Iharos, already holder of the two-mile and 3,000-meter marks, ran away from the field in a Hungary-Poland dual meet, hung up a new record for 5,000 meters (1:13.10.83).

¶ After a slim season as a utility outfielder and pinch hitter for the Cleveland Indians, Ralph Kiner, 32, whose lifetime total of 367 big-league home runs makes him sixth-ranking slugger in baseball history (behind Ruth, 714; Foxx, 534; Ott, 511; Gehrig, 493; Williams, 393), decided to retire. "My physical condition keeps me from giving a decent performance any more," said Kiner, who celebrated one of his last games with the front-running Indians by smacking a homer against the Boston Red Sox.

¶ At the helm of a Luder 16, a sloop he had never sailed before, Seattle's Bill Buchan Jr. won three out of eight races on the wind-chopped waters of Lake St. Clair, Mich., finished second twice, third once and fifth twice, to win the North American sailing championship and an ancient silver soap tureen known as the Clifford D. Mallory Trophy.



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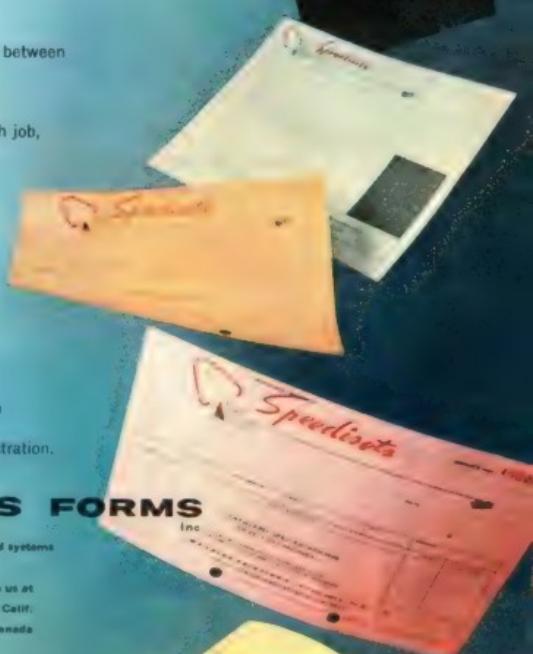
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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Yellow Rose of Ford

The call letters of radio station WGMS stand for Washington's Good Music Station. Two years ago, pursuing its cultural aims, WGMS presented a concert by the National Gallery Orchestra, featuring *The Confederacy*, a medley of Southern songs prepared and conducted by Richard Bates. When Columbia Records brought out an album of the songs last fall, WGMS proudly broadcast the première of the long-playing disk.

This summer, in Manhattan, bearded Mitch Miller, Columbia's pop record genie, was talked into listening to one of *The Confederacy's* songs, *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. He agreed that there was a possible hit in its bouncy rhythms,

The Enormity of It

Not since the early days of radio's *Amos 'n' Andy* had so many Americans waited so breathlessly for an evening broadcast. The question "Will he go for it?" was self-explanatory, whether asked in taxi, train, hotel lobby or on a city street. The he in this case was Marine Captain Richard S. McCutchen. The 28-year-old naval science instructor at Ohio State, father of three and amateur cooking expert, had reached the \$32,000 mark on *The \$64,000 Question* by breezily describing the ingredients of five desserts: *bombe, sabaglione, olycook, flummery and pfefernuss*.

"Shall he [or she] go for it?" had been asked every week since the program's first contestant drew in sight of the big jack-



CHIEF COOK McCUTCHEON & FAMILY
For dessert, Panopology.

decked it out with a French horn or two, and soon had it blaring from jukeboxes and radios across the nation.

There were other interested listeners, particularly the admens of J. Walter Thompson, who were searching for some theme music for the '56 Fords. They thought *Yellow Rose* was good: it was also in the public domain. They slapped in a new set of lyrics ("It's here, the '56 Ford/It's new, all new for you . . .") and put it to work as a singing commercial.

The *Yellow Rose* made a full circle when the commercial record reached station WGMS. Since the station has a rule against singing commercials, the ad was refused. More hurt than angry, the admens pointed out that the song had been carried as good music on the Good Music Station—so how could it now be banned? Station executives took another look at the situation—and at the Ford check—and capitulated. This week the singing commercial will go on the air.

pot. By the time Bible-quoting Mrs. Catherine Kreitzer and Opera Lover Gino Prato stopped at \$32,000, newspapers were explaining (often with contradictory results) just how much a final winner would have to give the Government in taxes. Most figurers agreed that if a contestant won a \$64,000 jackpot, his additional \$32,000 would be pared down to a mere \$10,000 by the cruel revengers.

Indian Giver. Grumped the San Francisco Chronicle: "As matters stand, the poor fellow who answers the \$64,000 question will be able to bank but a small handful . . ." The Roanoke (Va.) World-News charged the show was "an illusion—a tax snare" and argued that "Uncle Sam's role in these TV giveaways is that of an Indian giver." Even the left-wing *New Republic* seemed shocked by the enormity of it all, since a successful contestant ". . . would have seen the income tax people (who don't know a thing about the Bible or Shakespeare) grab \$19,000 of the kitty,

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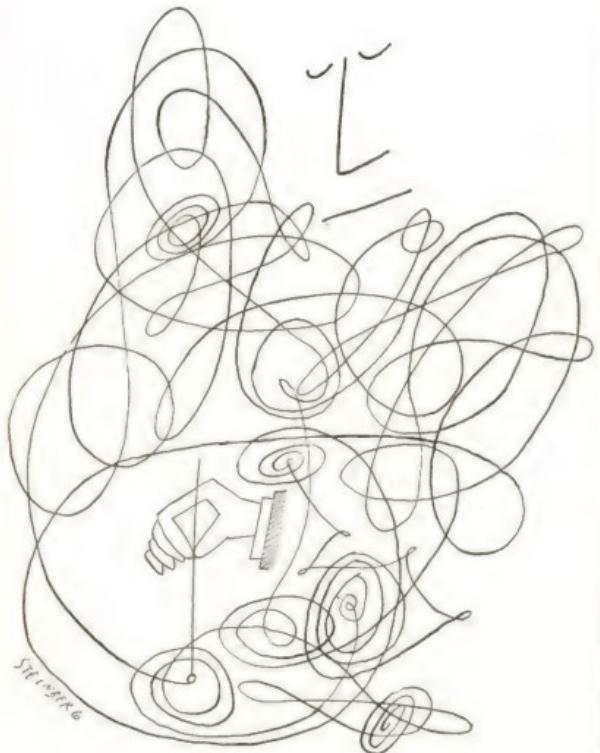
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leaving only . . . \$13,000 for the extra risk."

Some commentators turned away from the glint of gold long enough to isolate a few moral principles. Manhattan's brash *Daily News*, long the champion of the ruggedest sort of individualism, surprised its readers with an editorial essay in praise of contestants who stop at \$32,000: "Practice moderation consistently," urged the *News*, "and you are very unlikely to go broke, die of overeating or overdrinking, make enemies unnecessarily or make a fool of yourself." The *New York Post* turned the subject over to its prize pundit, Max Lerner. In a six-article series, Lerner pontificated that "anyone who takes American popular culture seriously must try to get at . . . the sources of *The Question's* success . . . what it reveals about the American mind and about where TV is . . . heading." Lerner finally decided that the show was, in part, a morality play: "It is Huey Long's 'Every man a king,' put into TV language, but altered to say that even ordinary people can become high-bracket taxpayers—at least for one year."

Postgraduate Quiz. Meanwhile, Sponsor Revlon was not deaf to the call of duty. If one quiz show was a smash hit, why not two? The producer, Louis G. Cowan, Inc., came up with a new idea called *Panopolopoly* (a portmanteau word combining panel and monopoly), which would feature a panel of four amateur experts who would answer questions on their specialties. Adman Norman Norman sees *Panopolopoly* as a sort of postgraduate course for contestants who have tried for the top money on *The \$64,000 Question*. Explains Norman: "I got to thinking along this line when I realized that Mrs. Kreitzer and Gino Prato and Gloria Lockerman [the speller] were still big news long after they left the show. Why shouldn't we continue to take advantage of these people? They belong on *Panopolopoly*."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Sept. 14. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Julie Harris in *A Wind from the South*.
Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). New hour-long variety show.

Gunsmoke (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS). New Western series, with James Arness.

Producers Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Our Town*, with Frank Sinatra, Eva Marie Saint, Paul Newman.

Navy Log (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS). New Navy series.

Martha Raye Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Tallulah Bankhead.

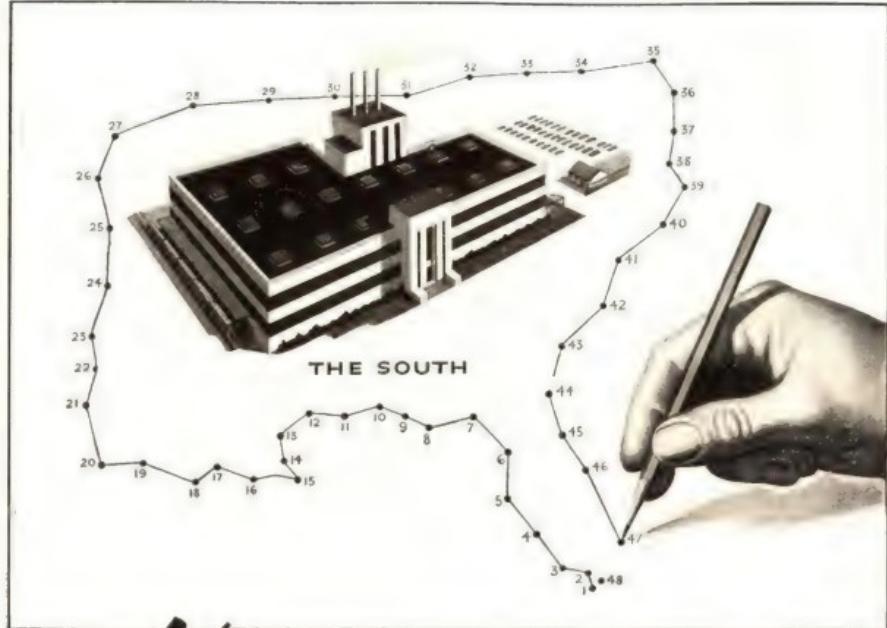
You'll Never Get Rich (Tues. 8:30 p.m., CBS). New Army series, with Comedian Phil Silvers.

RADIO

This Is Moscow (Wed. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Aspects of Soviet life today.

World Music Festival (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). From Aspen, Colo.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 19, 1955



No problem here!

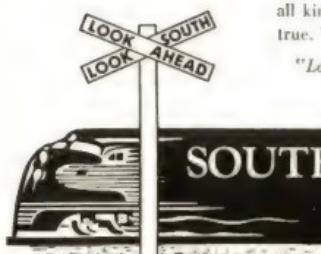
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YOKOYAMA'S "RIVER WATERS"

Great-Outlook Master

Outside the traditional Japanese house facing famed Ueno Park roars the frantic traffic of Tokyo 1955. But behind the high wall with its iron-studded cypress-wood gates is the peaceful stillness of classical Japan. There, in a severely unadorned room opening on a small garden of wild grasses, stunted pines and an artificial brook, sits the black kimonoed figure of Taikwan Yokoyama, Japan's greatest living traditional artist. A fiercely independent man of monumental rages, Yokoyama today firmly treads the paths laid out by Japan's past masters, paints in styles that recall the *Ukiyo-e* of Hokusai and Hiroshige, the decorative brilliance of the Kano school, and the Chinese Zen Buddhists before them.

Surrounded by the tools of his art: framed square of silk, feather duster, long brushes, inkstones and cakes of Chinese ink, Yokoyama works from memory on paintings that bring from \$750 to \$3,000 each. When the work goes badly, he jabs at the silk with angry brush strokes, then roars to his silk framer, crouched in the adjoining room, to bring a fresh frame. A perfectionist, Yokoyama says: "Each work I start, I tell myself that this is going to be my masterpiece." Only when he is satisfied does he press his name seal,

Taikwan, on the silk, dust the red sealing ink with powdered coral, then ring the bell for his woman servant to bring him a warm cup of sake.

Beneath the Swords. This week Tokyo's largest department store, the Mitsukoshi, hung a selection of Yokoyama's best paintings (out of an estimated production of 10,000) for an exhibition celebrating the old man's 87th birthday. Yokoyama acknowledged the flurry by commenting: "Doctors say I have an eye in half a million," Japan's leading newspaper, *Asahi*, evaluating a lifetime devoted to making high standards higher.

wrote: "Yokoyama is like a mountain* among low hills."

Yokoyama began his volcanic life in turbulence. He was born in a bamboo grove, where his mother had crept to escape the swinging swordsmen of feuding samurai factions at the dawn of the Meiji Era. Sent to a Tokyo art school, Yokoyama soon proved his talents for 1) outstanding brushwork and 2) consuming sake. Advised by a professor to drink either one *sho* (3.8 pints) of sake a day

* Yokoyama, in Japanese, literally means "near the mountain."

SOLDIER'S CONQUEST

THE British army officers of the 18th century performed with pen as well as sword. Cadets were instructed in sketching, not to encourage fine art, but so they could draw readable pictures of forts, gun redoubts, and details of military operations. One of the few who far surpassed these minimum military requirements was Thomas Davies, a British artillery officer whose American and Canadian watercolors were brought to light in Britain only two years ago. On display this week at Canada's National Gallery in Ottawa, they have already established Davies as "the father of Canadian landscape painting."

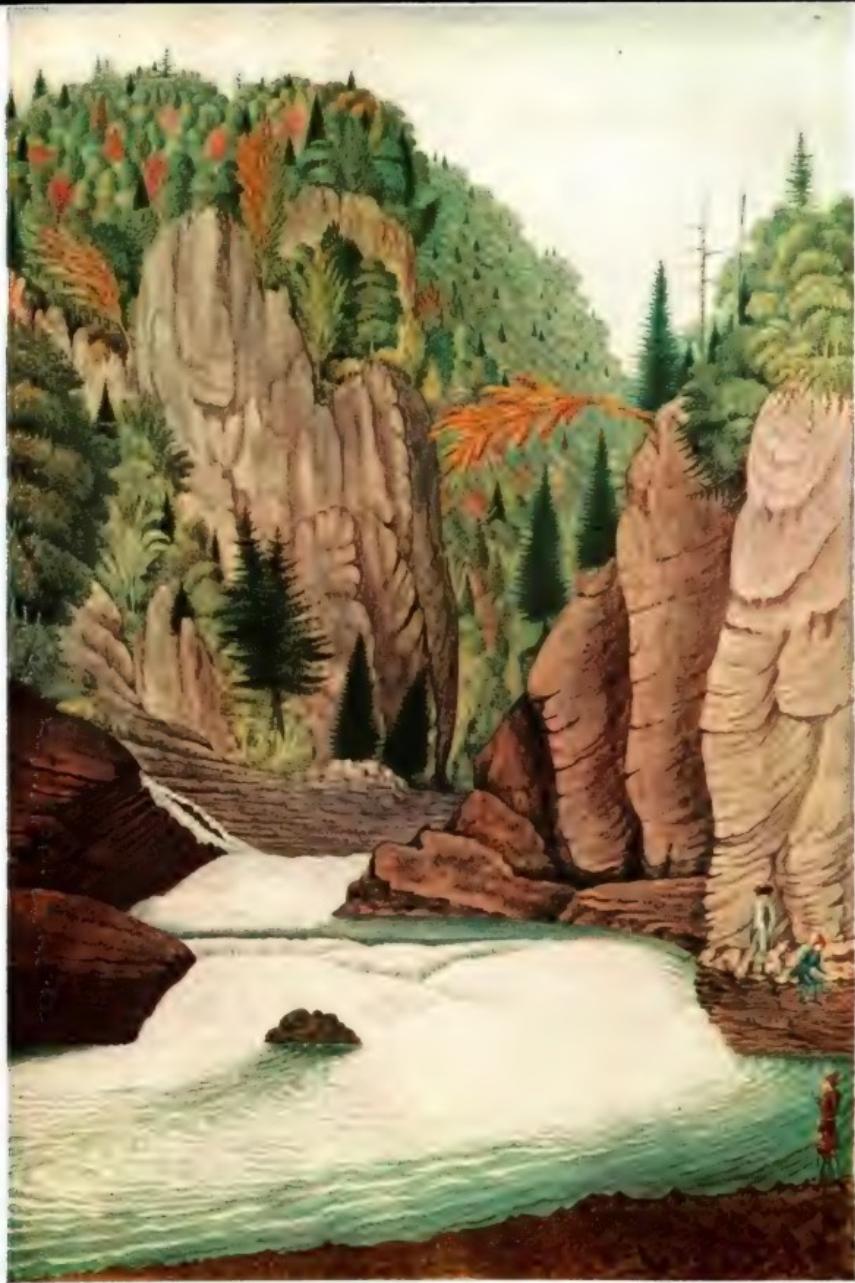
As an officer, Davies had a distinguished career. In the French and Indian Wars, he commanded a naval force on Lake Champlain, which in a three-hour battle captured an 18-gun French frigate. He is credited with raising the first British flag over conquered Montreal. In the American Revolution, he served in battle against the American Continentals in the New Jersey campaign, later rose to become a lieutenant general and commander of Quebec. But as an artist, Davies was almost unknown until a portfolio of his watercolors turned up in 1953 in England, in the Earl of Derby's old library at Knowsley Hall. The New York Public Library bought the U.S. scenes, and Canada's National Gallery snatched up the Canadian watercolors at bargain prices.

Included in the Ottawa collection are two of Davies' earliest sketches, done in 1758, one depicting the burning of Grymross, Nova Scotia, by British troops, and another a detailed drawing of the new British fortifications with key points carefully labeled: "A. Fort Frederick. B. Huts built by the Rangers. C. Passage up the River." Davies' later views of Montreal, Quebec and Halifax are valued as the first to be recorded in Canadian history.

In his later watercolors, done after the American Revolution, Davies was obviously painting for pure delight. Often naive, he included at times vegetation and animals more at home in the Amazon (Davies also served in the tropics) than along the St. Lawrence River. But at his best, he caught the primitive pioneer settlements, magnificent waterfalls, foaming rivers, the awesome virgin forests touched with the full richness of Canadian autumn, and recorded them with a freshness and charm that extends deft draftsmanship into the realm of art.



TAIKWAN YOKOYAMA



THOMAS DAVIES' "THE LOWER PART OF THE FALLS OF SAINT ANNE"



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or nothing. Yokoyama took to the bottle in earnest. Today he begins his day by downing a pre-breakfast glass full of his favorite sake brand, "Inebriate Soul". During the rest of the day manages to down two full quarts. Vainly his wife tries to force more food on him; the only visible result is that Yokoyama's dog grows fatter. Last April when Yokoyama scalded his feet in a piping-hot Japanese bath, his first question to the doctor was: "It's all right to keep drinking, isn't it?"

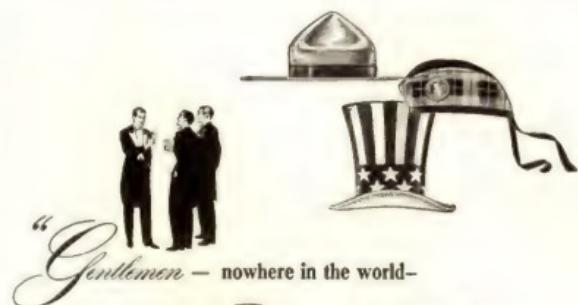
To his Homeric capacity as a sake drinker, Yokoyama attributes not only the inspiration for his painter's name, Taikwan, or Great Outlook, but many of his painting inspirations as well. But he rigidly follows two rules: drink with friends only and never drink while painting.

Back to Bamboo. Yokoyama won his first real financial success outside Japan. Starting out on a tour of the Western world in 1904, he and two friends landed in New York dressed in kimonos, haoris and hakamas. For two months they holed up in a hotel, turning out Japanese "ultra impressionist" paintings that so delighted Painter John La Farge that he enthusiastically arranged a show. Accustomed to charging ten dollars a painting, the artists from Japan were told that American watercolors sometimes brought thousands of dollars. They proudly charged accordingly. To their surprise they sold out, went to London and repeated the process.

But back in Tokyo, Yokoyama found that his watercolors no longer pleased. He retired to a coastal village, lived by trading paintings for rice and worked on style. The result was a return to the bedrock of Japanese painting: quick, expressive lines to portray the great traditional subjects—bamboos swaying in the breeze, waterfalls and mountains rising from mist.

Rock & Roll. Yokoyama's disciplined style produced his most ambitious work, *The Wheel of Life*, a 140-ft.-long scroll done in *sumi* (black ink) wash, which shows a classic progression of water forms, from mountain mist to the sea and back again to a sky ruled by the dragon—rain deity and symbol of longevity. Yokoyama put the scroll on display just three hours before the 1923 Tokyo earthquake. When the buildings began to rock, he rolled it up and dashed outside to safety.

Yokoyama's rugged, orthodox integrity (he refuses to wear Western clothes, claims never to have sat in a chair) has endeared him to a Japan faintly nostalgic for the old days. He holds the title of "artist to the Imperial Household" and owns Japan's Culture Medal. Nonetheless, the traditionalism that Yokoyama stands for is fast losing to Western modernism. Well aware of this, Yokoyama merely shrugs and says: "In the West most artists paint with the eye; in the East with the *Kokoro* [soul]. To me the problem seems to be whether the human being is to be ruled by nature or nature is to be ruled by the human being." Then, taking another sip of sake, he beams: "I doubt whether a *Seiyomin* [Westerner] will be able to understand my thoughts."



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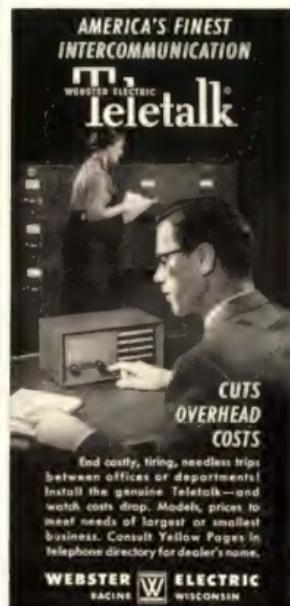
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needed this year, there were only
3 graduated from U. S. colleges

In 1955, U. S. industry had jobs for an estimated 37,000 engineers; our colleges graduated 21,500.* This shortage, typical of recent years, is creating an increasingly serious problem — for engineers and scientists hold the key to progress in this swift-moving technological age.

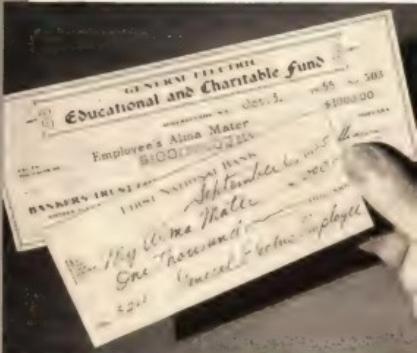
At General Electric, for example, nearly 17,500 of our people are trained in engineering or science, and we have opportunities for a thousand more technically trained people each year. The need may double in the next 10 years.

As we see it, industry, working with educational institutions, can do much to solve the shortage. On these two pages are some of the things we believe will help:

*Estimates are from the Engineering Manpower Commission of the Engineers Joint Council.

ENGINEERS
NEEDED
IN 1955
37,000

ENGINEERS
GRADUATED
IN 1955
21,500



3. Help schools financially. Nearly half of U. S. colleges operate in the red. Since 1922, G.E.'s aid-to-education program has included fellowships, scholarships, and other financial support. In addition, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund matches, dollar for dollar up to \$1,000 a year, contributions by each employee to his college.

For a detailed discussion of our views on "Basic Relations Between Education and the Economy," write General Electric, Department A2-119, Schenectady, New York.

help solve America's critical shortage of engineers



1. Help guide young people's careers. More high-school students will take the courses they need to become engineers if they know of the wide opportunities in the field. Since the 1920's, General Electric has tried to create interest by distributing a variety of school training aids. (Above, a teacher counsels students, using a G-E career guidance booklet, "Why Study Math?") In the past 10 years, schools have requested 63,000,000 copies of our training aids.



2. Bring businessmen and educators together. An understanding of the role math and science play in business can help teachers prepare students for careers. The group above is the latest of 1,450 high-school teachers to attend G.E.-sponsored summer fellowship programs. Here they have the opportunity to study at several leading colleges and to see firsthand the value of their work to business. We have also conducted conferences for college educators since 1924.



4. Educate employees on the job. The development of young people must continue after they start to work. At General Electric, we have 12 formal educational programs; the oldest — Engineering — was started nearly 60 years ago. (Above, Clarence Linder, Vice-President — Engineering Services, reviews work of engineers enrolled in our Creative Engineering Program.) More than 10,000 technically trained men and women have participated in these programs.



5. Encourage self-development. Young people with aptitude should be helped to move ahead. For example, the young men above joined our Apprentice Training Program as high-school graduates in 1949; this year they are graduate engineers from the U. of New Hampshire after a 6-year work-and-study program sponsored by our Meter Department. Donald E. Craig, General Manager of the Department, congratulates the men and welcomes them to full-time jobs.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

BUSINESS

WALL STREET

New High

Paced by chemicals and steels, the Dow-Jones industrial average last week edged up to 476.24, a new high for the bull market, then slipped slightly. The market breakthrough took place in the face of the Administration's continuing policy of tightening the nation's money supply. Last week six Federal Reserve Banks, including the New York bank, most important of all the eleven districts, joined the rising interest trend and boosted their discount rates, from 2% to 2½%.

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Expansion of Steel

Like the hard-pressed copper fabricators (see below), U.S. steelmakers have seldom been so hard put to supply the nation. Americans are using steel at the all-time record annual rate of 1,350 lbs. per capita, and demand is mounting steadily for consumer goods and a host of new steel products, e.g., stainless steel sheathing for buildings. Last week in Cleveland, Republic Steel Corp. announced plans for a \$130 million plant expansion program that will boost its capacity 16% to 11.8 million tons a year within 20 months. Said Republic's President Charles M. White, 64, who succeeded tough Tom Girdler as Republic's operating boss last June: Republic's new expansion, launched only two years after a 17% capacity increase, is "based squarely on careful estimates of better living for more Americans. We are going to take as big a bite of the future as we can."

Plans Aplenty. Republic's announcement is the starting gun in a new round of expansion by all steelmakers (present capacity: 125.8 million tons). Virtually every steelmaker has definite plans for new facilities, but most are holding off until the Government decides whether defense needs justify extension of the industry's present fast-tax-write-off program beyond 1957. Many steelmen expect to see three brand-new U.S. Steel plants in Detroit, Houston and Birmingham by 1958. Bethlehem is also expected to start expanding again. Jones & Laughlin may build a new 2.5-million-ton plant and boost capacity 30% at its Cleveland plant. Pittsburgh Steel is expected to announce expansion plans next month.

In any case, few steel companies are in better shape to take a bigger bite of the market than Republic. Third biggest U.S. steelmaker (after U.S. Steel and Bethlehem) and top producer of alloy and stainless steel, Republic specializes in the light "growth" steels which go into industry's mushrooming output of autos, kitchen appliances, air conditioners, etc. Largely as a result of specialization, technical advances, e.g., high-pressure blast furnace blowing and strategic location of its eleven steel mills and 30 fabricating



PETER HARKNESS—LIFE

REPUBLIC'S WHITE

Square estimates, rounded growth. plants, Republic has made money steadily over a 20-year period. With its new facilities, Republic will have more than twice the capacity it had when the company was organized in 1930.

Money in the Bank. Last week, with long-term debt down to \$45,868,758 (of which \$3.3 million is a G.M. loan that Republic is repaying in steel), Republic said it plans to finance expansion largely out of its \$240 million working capital, has arranged a five-year revolving credit of \$75 million to draw upon if necessary. Furthermore, by adding to existing plants rather than building from the ground up, Republic will pay only \$80 a ton for its new facilities, v. \$100 a ton for entirely new capacity. The company is equally

well fixed for raw materials. It has contracted for one-quarter of the rich ore that is already trickling in (and will pour in via the St. Lawrence Seaway by 1959) from the vast Labrador-Quebec fields, owns ore mines in four U.S. states and Liberia, operates its own coal mines and limestone quarries.

Republic's Charlie White, who calls himself "not a professional optimist," doubts that even the new round of expansion will meet the nation's needs. White expects steel consumption to reach 1,450 pounds per capita in 1965 and top 1,500 lbs. by 1975.

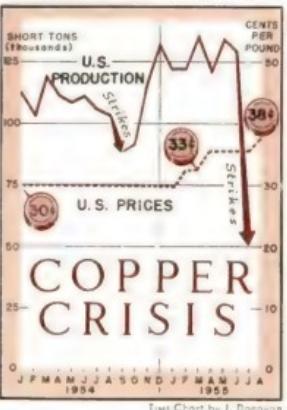
The Squeeze in Copper

The nation's copper industry last week was caught in the tightest squeeze of its history. Warning that inventories had depleted "almost to the vanishing point," three leading trade groups hammered on Washington's doors asking for a personal meeting with the President. They wanted him to release 100,000 tons of stockpiled Chilean copper, summon a special session of Congress, if necessary, to do so.

Since by law the President can release copper from strategic stockpiles only after declaring a national emergency (which legally requires either war or a threat of war), a special session would be needed to amend the law and free the copper. There seemed small chance of one. But there was no doubt that the industry was in deep trouble. Some 30,000 small manufacturing plants, employing 50,000 workers, faced the possibility of closing at the end of the month unless they could get more brass and copper mill products. A shortage of copper had already curtailed construction in Minneapolis, was threatening to pinch thousands of metal fabricators. The shortage, already acute, was made even tighter by last month's devastating floods in the Northeast, normally a heavy production center.

Grey Market. The U.S. has been using copper at the rate of 1,500,000 tons a year, importing about 20% of the total. But a 43-day strike last summer by the Communist-dominated Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers cut the national supply by 80,000 tons. Meanwhile, the West European boom had turned England, France and West Germany into high-bidding competitors for the international copper supply. The price of copper, which stood at 12¢ a lb. at the end of World War II, shot up to 43¢ on the official market. Last week the unofficial grey-market price of copper in the U.S. was up to as much as 54¢ a lb. However, U.S. producers, fearful of pricing their product out of the market and inviting a risk of substitute metals, e.g., aluminum, some 18¢ cheaper a lb., were trying to hold the price at 43¢.

As a result, the U.S. has been losing its foreign sources of raw copper. Last month, as West European buyers offered prices 5¢ to 10¢ higher than the U.S., Chile



TIME CLOCK

normally the U.S.'s biggest single foreign source, began sending most of its production to Europe, instead of to the U.S.

Silver Substitute. The copper shortage may soon start pinching many areas of the surging U.S. economy. The generation and distribution of each new kilowatt of electrical power requires 115 lbs. of copper, and to date the only completely satisfactory substitute is silver, costing 90¢ an ounce. Copper is essential to automobile production; each new car takes an average 24 lbs., or a total of 10% of all the copper used in the nation. U.S. builders are putting more copper than pre-war into home construction, and the average \$20,000 copper-wired, copper-piped house uses about \$300 worth of the metal.

Aluminum has so far not proved a completely satisfactory substitute. Aluminum electrical wiring oxidizes on contact with moisture and turns into a nonconductor. Experimental aluminum automobile radiators have become crusted by the alkaline water found in most of the U.S. But last week, as the supply of copper grew increasingly short, there was renewed talk of a turn toward aluminum. Reynolds Metals told stockholders that big electrical companies were inquiring about aluminum for electrical wire and that automobile manufacturers were still considering the light metal to replace copper in radiators. Reported an Alcoa official: "We're getting inquiries from a lot of people we've never heard from before."

HOTELS

Snake Eyes in Las Vegas

Only a few months ago, the sky seemed to be the limit in Las Vegas. Last spring, in one week alone, two palatial hotels opened their doors to the tourists who swarmed into Las Vegas to gamble. Along the three miles of heatseared desert called The Strip, where frontage rates as high as \$1,500 a foot, five hotels were built this year. Cried a Las Vegas booster: "No reason why there shouldn't be 60 big hotels in the next five years."

Last week there was a good reason: a lot of the hotelmen-gamblers were rolling snake eyes. Less than five months after it opened, the 250 room, \$5 million Royal Nevada was losing so much money that it was being taken over by the Desert Inn, a comparative oldtimer. The veteran management of the Flamingo hotel was moving in to rescue the shaky \$8,000,000 Riviera. The \$3,000,000 Moulin Rouge, built to lure in Negroes, had to be reorganized. Last week the well-established Sands took over the three-month-old \$4,000,000 Dunes on a ten-year lease at \$750,000 annually, launched the Grand Reopening in a blaze of hoopla starring Frank Sinatra perched upon a camel.

Outdistanced Boom. Part of the trouble was due to the fact that the number of new suckers had not kept pace with the new gambling facilities. But more

FARM INCOMES will be boosted and surplus products cut back, if Agriculture Secretary Benson can persuade Congress to okay a mammoth new crop-control program that may cost as much as \$500 million a year. Benson wants to buttress present flexible price supports by paying farmers \$10 to \$12 an acre yearly to grow grass, cover crops and trees on their land, thus cut down on overall farm output by taking 40 million acres out of food production.

U.S. EXPORTS are steaming ahead, the Commerce Department reports. The business boom in Western Europe and Canada pushed American sales abroad to \$8.1 billion for the year's first seven months, a full 10% above the comparable period of last year. Biggest increases in sales were to Canada, Britain, Holland, Germany, more than offsetting declining exports to Asia and Latin America.

URANIUM will continue indefinitely as the primary fuel for peaceful uses of atomic energy, predicts Atlas Corp. President Floyd Odium, and widespread use of thorium is years away. By 1965, he estimated, the U.S. will need 4,000,000 tons of uranium ore yearly, far more than is being mined today.

U.S. RAILROADS will have to spend \$20 billion for capital improvements in the next decade to meet growing transportation needs, says Pennsylvania Railroad President James Synes. His forecast for 1965 rail business: \$50 billion ton-miles, 53% above 1954's total.

PAPER MERGER is in the making. Mead Corp., one of the biggest U.S. producers of magazine and book paper, will take over Chillicothe Paper Co. (assets: \$7,240,812) in a stock swap (1½ shares of Mead for each share of Chillicothe).

PRIVATE POWER is hoping to score another victory in the Northwest. Following the Federal Power Commission's decision in favor of

important was the lack of experience of the new hotelmen themselves. A well-established casino-hotel that cost \$5,000,000 often takes in as much from gambling as it just one year. But the hotel must have a fat bank roll, be prepared to take months of heavy losses before its luck turns and it gets the free-spending, heavy-gambling regular clients that are the shock absorbers in the older places. In one new hotel there were so many bosses that some were unknown to each other. The new hotels were also overstuffed, and could not get the all-important entertainers—Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Lewis, Martin & Lewis, Tony Martin, et al.—that brought in the suckers: the stars were already sewed up in three-year deals by the established hotels.

Last week, as the old hands moved in for Las Vegas' Operation Rescue, it was

Idaho Power Co.'s three-dam plan for Hell's Canyon (TIME, Aug. 15), Pacific Northwest Power Co. (a combine of four companies) asked FPC for licenses to build at Mountain Sheep and Pleasant Valley, some 30 miles downstream from Hell's Canyon on the Snake River.

GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE got past a big obstacle. By ruling that Ford Motor Co.'s 5¢ hourly contributions to layoff plans are not wages, the U.S. Labor Department freed Ford (and other automakers) from including layoff payments in computing overtime—a key condition Ford had set in agreeing to G.A.W.

STATION WAGONS are fast becoming one of the most popular auto models. As the all-purpose family car, station wagons are now selling at the rate of 500,000 yearly (v. 29,500 in 1946).

PROXY FIGHT for control of Libby, McNeill & Libby was won by the old management, hands down. Biggest help came from the SEC. In an unusual move, it barred the votes of the independent stockholders' group because of "false and misleading statements" and because it did not fully disclose its membership; thus the Libby management's nine-director slate was elected without contest. Meanwhile, the independents filed an appeal to have the ruling set aside.

CUBAN OIL will get a big push from Standard Oil Co. (Indiana). Standard has earmarked \$10 million to drill in 12 million acres of south Cuba's coastal land and tideland, will own a permanent half-interest in any productive wells it brings in after spending the total sum.

BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, which has widened its lead in the U.S. textile industry by buying three other companies, is bursting its seams again. Latest buy: St. Louis' Ely & Walker Dry Goods Co., one of the nation's biggest textile distributors, for \$64.3 million.

still a question whether all the new hotels could be saved. More tourists than ever were coming to Las Vegas—10% more than last year by bus, 30% by plane—but they were spending less. The time when the \$30,000-a-week headline act made economic sense as a loss leader because it lured customers to gamble was changing. More and more people were going to the hotels to watch the high-priced floor show, eat the \$2 steak dinner, enjoy the elegant \$8-a-day hotel room, and maybe drop a few token coins in the slot machines (% profit for the house). Last June most of the hotels were forced to alter a long-standing policy, and charge a \$2 minimum for the midnight supper shows that guests could once see by sitting at a table and ordering a soft drink. Said Riviera Board Chairman Morrie Mason: "We don't think that we, or any other hotel, should

TELLING THE EMPLOYEES

Where Management Misses, Unions Score

INDUSTRY in the U.S. will spend an estimated \$1.35 million this year to put out about 10,000 house organs aimed at strengthening ties—and improving communications—between worker and employer. The industrial publications range from crudely mimeographed sheets in small plants to handsome, slick-paper magazines by big corporations, such as General Motors' Life-size *G.M. Folks* (circ. 500,000), and the *DuPont Magazine*.

Despite the immense outlays for company publications, a growing number of industrial editors are worried. They are well aware that many of the company publications are doing a poor job compared to the hard-hitting crusading of some 500 national, regional and local papers published (at far lower cost) by labor unions. Complained Koppers Co. President Fred C. Foy: "Union publications are fighting with both fists—fighting in unity and sometimes with complete lack of regard for the Marquis of Queensberry rules . . . The question is whether management will get in the ring too or lose the battle for the minds of its employees on an editorial TKO."

Why are so many company publications in danger of losing this battle? The chief reason is that the majority deliberately pull their punches. Unlike union papers, which thrive on dispute and energetically exploit any issue that affects the worker's welfare, most house organs concentrate on personal notes and chitchat. They not only shun controversy but steer clear of any stories on company policies and problems. A recent survey of 75 house organs in the Los Angeles area showed that only 15% made any attempt to communicate management plans and policies; almost all the rest were filled with social and personal items.

Actually, surveys by Westinghouse and other corporations have shown that employees are least interested in personal items. What they want are stories on such subjects as the company's plans for the future, its employee benefit program, new orders for the company. Union officials recognize the failure of many companies to use their publications effectively. Said an Omaha A.F.L. leader: "There are so many ways the company could put their point across. If they'd come out in their house organ and explain why they're going to do this or that, who's going to be affected by a layoff, and how long it would last, then the employees would be able to make their plans. More often than not, they'd be willing to cooperate."

One reason company papers put out such a bland diet is that they are too often published by employees on loan from personnel and advertising staffs who have no newspaper experience. Furthermore, they have no contact with top management, have no idea of what goes on in the president's office. Some editors, in turn, often show an ostrich-like attitude to important stories, e.g., one southern industrial editor insisted that a topic like the Guaranteed Annual Wage "did not apply" to his 60,000 C.I.O. readers. During the bitter strike by the Communications Workers of America last spring against the Southern Bell Telephone Co. in nine states, Bell's slick-paper employee magazine blandly ignored the strike—the single topic of greatest concern to its readers.

In contrast to this negative approach, more and more corporations are changing the editorial content of their magazines in an effort to keep the employees up to date on all aspects of the company. For example, some 30 monthly tabloids published by the Ford Company for its U.S. plants give detailed reports on union negotiations. On-the-job grievances, once the exclusive domain of the labor press, are now thoroughly aired by companies such as Milwaukee's Line Material Co., which devotes an inside cover each issue to employees' complaints and answers. General Electric runs columns of answers to employees' questions on company problems and policies. Republic Steel uses its house organ to give employees a graphic breakdown of profits, has backed it up with a do-it-yourself picture story on cutting costs. Some corporations, such as Westinghouse and Standard Oil Co. of Ohio, regularly devote space to broad economic and political questions, e.g., private v. public power.

But many companies still hold back, fear that employees will lose faith in the corporate publication if management tries to express its views or discuss union-management problems. Yet, polls of employees by both management and unions have shown that, in general, employees put more faith in what they read in company publications than they do in union papers. And publications which have dropped the social notes in favor of stories on corporate problems have found that their readership has jumped. Concludes one company president: "In many companies, we just haven't given employees a chance to hear both sides of the question. It's about time we started to do it."

give away a \$30,000 show for a Coke and two straws."

More to Come. Still, there was no lack of gambling spirit in Las Vegas. Last week, as some hotel operators were moving out, sadder and lighter in pocket, other hotelmen were preparing to come in. Around Las Vegas bulldozers roared, and workmen toiled in the hot sun. A building were three new hotels, the Martinique, Lady Luck and Fremont. Total cost: \$10,000,000.

AUTOS

New Models

Wheeling out the 1956 Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler and Imperial passenger cars at a party for the press this week, Chrysler President Lester Lumm ("Tex") Colbert sounded a challenge to the other automakers. Said Colbert: Chrysler Corp., which captured 18.1% of the automobile market in the first seven months of 1955, is "out to get 20% of the automobile business, and more."

The new cars, which will come out in mid-October, represent a \$175 million face-lifting job on the 1955 models. Chief body change: high, straightforward lines on the rear fenders and bigger taillights. In addition, all lines will have a new four-door, hardtop model, pushbutton selectors on the dashboard for automatic transmissions, "life-guard" door latches to prevent doors from popping open in accidents, and optional seat belts. Plymouth will have a new, higher-powered engine. Fanciest gadget in the line is a "Highway Hi-Fi," a CBS record player that can be mounted just below the center of the instrument panel. Price: less than \$100.

Ford Motor Co. kicked off its major 1956 sales pitch last week with a car safety forum in Detroit, announced that no-spring door latches, "deep-dish" steering wheels (many drivers have been impaled on the steering column) and padded rearview mirrors would be standard equipment on all models. Dashboard and visor cushion pads and front-seat belts will be optional but sold at cost (\$25). Benson Ford invited the automobile industry to go along with Ford on a safety sales campaign. But not all the automakers were willing to emphasize the chances a car buyer takes when he ventures on the highway. General Motors, for one, has played down the dangerous features of driving, calls most safety features comfort or luxury items. G.M. did not even announce that it has been putting safety door latches on every car made since June until questioned about its safety plans two weeks ago.

INDUSTRY

Mechanized Marvels

On the floor of the Chicago Amphitheater one night last week, a machinist pushed a button on a large lathe, then stood back, hands in pockets. In seconds, the automatic lathe fed itself a piece of roughly shaped metal, turned it into a stator (the stationary part of an electric



Should a man take a business worry home with him?

Probably not. But if tonight's the soonest you can think about *this* one, then by all means—think about it hard tonight, in your easy chair.

Think what a fix your company would be in if, tomorrow morning, all your accounts receivable, tax, inventory and other records were gone.

And don't content yourself with the thought that nothing could happen to them. That they're in the office safe.

Unless that safe bears the independent Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label, it would probably incinerate your records if a fire started. And a fireproof building would simply wall-in the fire, make it hotter.

What about your fire insurance? You couldn't collect fully on it unless you could furnish "proof-of-loss" within 60 days — which is virtually impossible without records.

The risk is too great—don't take it. 43% out of 100 firms that lose their records in a fire never reopen! If your "old" is old, don't bear the "Underwriters' label" or carry a lower rating than your risk calls for. Replace it! Get the safe that has *"moser fail-safe"*—the famous Moser[®] "X" Label Record Safe. It's the world's best protection.



The Mosler "A" Label Record Safe has passed the Underwriters' most severe fire test—at 2,000° F. Handsome, Modern. Equipped with "Captain Spy" Lock. Full range of sizes—at lower prices than most people guess!



80% of leading U.S. banks rely on Mosler protective equipment. Mosler built the Fort Knox Gold Vaults and the vaults that withstood the Hiroshima Atom Bomb. Only Mosler safes are backed by such a reputation!

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ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS



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Our ultimate goal is to attain full utilization of our forest resources. The research we do, in seeking that goal, not only serves our fellow industries, but helps to keep us progressive, healthy, competitive and young.

This month, Crown Zellerbach dedicates its new Research Laboratory at Camas, Washington.



CROWN ZELLERBACH
PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870



San Francisco 19

motor), inspected it to make sure it was perfect, swept the waste metal into a receptacle, then started work to make another part. If the finished part had not been perfect, the lathe would have discarded it and made the proper corrections to make sure the next part was exactly to specifications.

The \$46,000 lathe, made by Jones & Lamson of Springfield, Vt., was just one of the mechanical wonders that 397 companies spread over the 18-acre amphitheater for the first Machine Tool Show in eight years. For many of the 100,000 businessmen who crowded into the show, the new machine tools were must purchases, if their companies are to keep costs down in the face of rising material prices and wages. Said William Rutz, chairman of the National Machine Tool Builders' Association's show committee: the exhibits "constitute a gigantic demonstration of how to increase productivity."

Buyers seemed unconcerned that prices were about 20% above previous models, for the new machines often gave many times 20% more production. For example, a ten-ton machine built by Lapoointe Machine Tool Co. of Hudson, Mass., can turn out Ford connecting rods at a 1,200-an-hour clip, more than twice the speed of earlier machines. An automatic screwdriver made by Pneuma-Serve, Inc., Cleveland, which shoots screws into position and then drives them home, stepped up production 800% in one operation at the New York Progressive Wood Heel Co. of Brooklyn.

Other machines showed what the automatic factory of the future will be like, with rows of metal monsters turning raw materials into finished products. One example was a machine that grinds both the inside and outside of a valve, grooves it as well. Built by Landis Machine Co. of Waynesboro, Pa., the machine has gauges that measure the tolerance after each step in the operation, automatically toss aside faulty valves and readjust the machine to the proper dimensions. Cost: \$300,000.

Among the mechanized marvels: ¶ A 70-ton monster built by Norton Co. of Worcester, Mass., which automatically moves a crankshaft from a grinding operation to drilling and milling and finally ejects it, a job that had previously needed five machines. Saving in labor costs alone: an estimated \$38,000 a year on a two-shift operation.

¶ A driller that cuts the hardest metal—e.g., tungsten carbide—without touching it. Made by Cincinnati Milling Machine Co., the cutting edge is a stream of electrons, a sort of manmade lightning.

¶ A lathe with a mechanical brain, which computes the correct cutting speed for each job. Its makers, Monarch Machine Tool Co. of Sidney, Ohio, estimate that the brain alone can increase production 25%.

¶ A Cleveland Tapping Machine Co. device that cuts threads on iron pipe fittings at the rate of 85 feet a minute, producing 1,480 fittings an hour, compared to the previous standard of 350 an hour.

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AVIATION Dry Blue Yonder

Airline passengers who like to take a drink aloft may soon have their spirits dashed. Pilot, steward and stewardess unions have all passed stern anti-liquor resolutions. And Massachusetts Congressman Thomas J. Lane, arguing that tipsy passengers sometimes constitute a safety threat, plans to introduce a bill at the next session of Congress to make in-flight liquor service a federal offense. Last week Harold L. Pearson, president of the industry's Air Transport Association, said he had been warned by the Civil Aeronautics Board that liquor-pouring airlines may have to take "corrective steps," sent airline presidents a proposed 15-point "code of practice." Items:

• Drunks would not be permitted to board a plane. Passengers who become intoxicated in flight would be dumped off at the first stop.

• Liquor would be served only on first-class flights of two hours or more, from noon to midnight, Mondays through Saturdays.

• Airlines could not advertise bar services or serve free liquor.

Although Pan American had served liquor since the 1930s, domestic lines did not start until Northwest cracked the ice in 1949. Now almost all major U.S. lines serve liquor aloft. On first-class flights, American, United and T.W.A. pour free drinks. Heaviest pourer: Western Air Lines. On 18 of its 90 daily flights along the West Coast it serves free champagne, and stewardesses are instructed to keep the glasses brimming. Western, which plans to add three more champagne flights this month, claims 93% of its passengers accept at least one glass.



BRÜTSCH'S BRÜTSCH



DORNIER'S DELTA



MESSERSCHMITT'S KABINENROLLER
Less tax than a dachshund.

pays out \$190 a year. But the man with a midget can satisfy the government with as little as \$18. Moreover, the midget owner paid less for the car in the first place and can run it more cheaply.

Of 382,247 passenger cars produced in West Germany during the first seven months of this year, about one-fourth had engine displacements of less than 1,000 cc. (Volkswagen: 1,110). The Kabinenroller has been one of the most popular midgets (displacement: 200). Messerschmitt has turned out 16,000 since 1953, is now producing 1,200 a month. Taxes and insurance on the Goggomobile, a \$688 three-seater rolling off Isaria Maschinenfabrik's assembly lines at the rate of 70 a day, total "less than the price of four cigarettes" daily, according to Isaria advertisements.

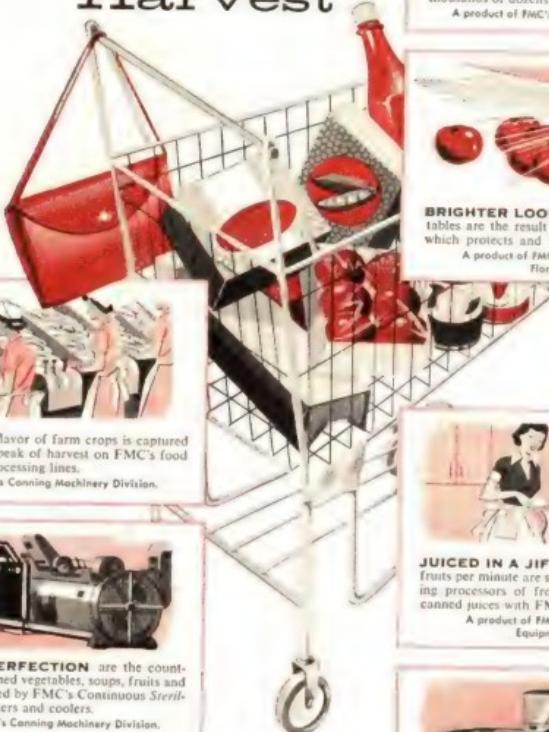
A more startling car, Bavarian Motor Works' 12-h.p. Isetta, has front wheels about 4 ft. apart and rear wheels less than 2 ft. apart, does 70 miles per gallon. It has a Plexiglas top and no doors; to get in, passengers open the entire front. Isetta's slogan, which has helped push production to 100 a day: "Less taxes per year (30 marks) than a city dachshund (60 marks)."

Still stranger cars are ready to go on



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food equipment for...*

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This is another example of how FMC's creative research and practical engineering help produce finer food products for better living. FMC's diversified division-made lines of machinery and chemicals not only serve the vast food field, but agriculture, industry and the public as well. For the complete FMC story, write for illustrated brochure PRA-1054, "PUTTING IDEAS TO WORK."



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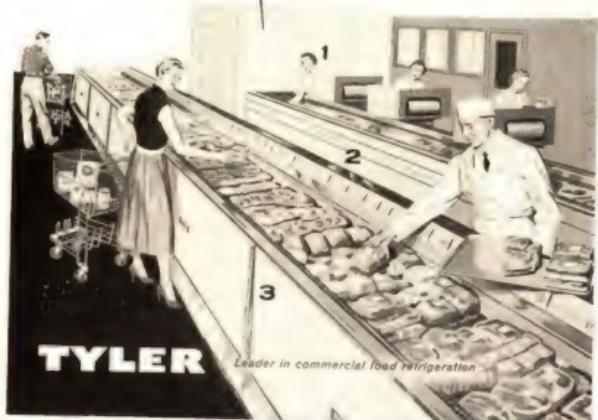
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sale. One is the egg-shaped Brütsch, named after Stuttgart Designer Egon Brütsch, which stands barely 3 ft. high, has four forward speeds but no reverse, does 67 miles per gallon. Strangest of all is the Dornier Delta, which looks like an old-fashioned electric toaster on wheels; the front and back sections hinge at the top to form doors. The front seats face forward, the rear seats backward. Added attraction: the seat backs pull down, making a double bed in the car.

FOREIGN TRADE Capital for South America

Six months ago, at the Inter-American Investment Conference in New Orleans, Shipping Tycoon Rudolf Hecht suggested the formation of a U.S.-sponsored company to provide capital for Latin American companies by buying their securities. Last week Pennroad Corp., TIME Inc. (which publishes editions of some of its magazines in Latin America) and South American Gold & Platinum Co. announced that they are forming just such an investment company called the Interamerican Capital Corp. It will be the first big-risk capital corporation set up "for the primary purpose of making diversified, direct commitments" in Latin American business.

The company seeks ultimately to raise \$10 million. Of the nominal organizing capital, Pennroad will pay in 40%, TIME 40%, and South American Gold, which will manage the company, 20%. Interamerican Capital will buy stocks, convertible bonds and other securities of promising South American and Caribbean area enterprises, new or old. Despite political risks, the opportunities look promising. Latin America's industrial growth rate in the past 15 years has almost paralleled that of the U.S.; some countries, e.g., Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, have even topped the U.S. rate.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Robert Bernd Anderson, 45, who resigned recently as U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense (TIME, July 23), became president of Ventures Ltd., giant Canadian holding company with interests (mostly mining) scattered over five continents. He succeeds Thayer Lindsey. Ventures' founder, who becomes board chairman, Texas-born Lawyer Anderson will help push the company in a new direction. It will slow down on expanding its holdings, concentrate on developing them. To that end, Ventures is being reorganized so that the board will have fewer staff executives, more experts in finance and business. ¶ Robert Hugh Johnson, 56, moved up from first vice president to president of Ingersoll-Rand Co., biggest U.S. maker of industrial machinery. Engineer Johnson, a one-company man, joined Ingersoll-Rand in 1924 after leaving M.I.T. He became manager of the Houston branch in 1930, moved steadily through local offices. In 1939 he became assistant vice president and in 1955 first vice president.



Man gilding a lily... for good reason

Next time you see one of our "Regency" model television receivers in someone's home, or in a store, take a good look at the door pulls.

These are *Battersea porcelain*, exquisite hand-painted miniatures worthy of your great-grandmother's treasured brooch. What such extra embellishment is doing on an already superb TV set makes an interesting story.

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Performance-wise, Stromberg-Carlson TV receivers are the finest. But we see no reason why beauty must be sacrificed to utility. In our designers' minds,

the receivers we market must add to a home's good looks, as well as its entertainment.

Battersea porcelain door pulls form only one example. Hand-decorated Chinese panels (no two ever quite alike)—tambour doors—tops of burn-proof, liquid-proof "Marlite"—lowboy models designed expressly for the ranch-type home—such decorator touches impressed the Academy of Color and Design to the point of granting us their 1954 Award—only one of many commendations received over the years for excellence in styling.

"Genius," said one authority, "means only an infinite capacity for taking pains." We'll never be brash enough to claim the first part of that quotation—but we've subscribed to the latter now for more than sixty-one years.

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Products for Our
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54-inch Bradley
with Foot-Control



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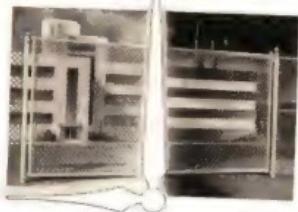


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DAY &

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MILESTONES

Married. Conrad Nagel, 58, oldtime cinemactor (*Stage Struck*) turned TV star; and Micheal Coulson Smith, 32; he for the third time, she for the second: in Rumson, N.J.

Died. Stuart David Engstrand, 50, best-selling novelist who probed dark psychological themes (*The Sling and the Arrow*, the story of a marriage ruined by the husband's homosexuality; *Beyond the Forest*, a tale of a vengeful wife); by drowning, when he walked fully clothed into a lake in Los Angeles' MacArthur Park.

Died. Howard Kramer ("Howdie") Gray, 54, famed Mayo Clinic abdominal surgeon, who operated on James Roosevelt in 1938, professor of surgery at the University of Minnesota, one of Princeton University's athletic greats as end on the undefeated football "team of destiny" in 1922; by drowning as he swam to retrieve a dinghy; in Lake Pepin, Minn.

Died. Frank T. Tobey, 64, mayor of Memphis since 1953, spearhead of the campaign in the South against the proposed Dixon-Yates power project; of coronary thrombosis; in Memphis.

Died. Graham Edgar, 67, chemist and longtime (1932-52) vice president of Ethyl Corp., developer of the octane scale for measurement of the antiknock quality of motor fuels, pioneer in research that led to the production of 100-octane (high efficiency) gasoline; of leukemia; in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Johannes Cardinal de Jong, 69, Archbishop of Utrecht, courageous anti-Nazi during World War II as chief Catholic prelate in The Netherlands; author of the classic *Handbook of Church History*; after long illness; in Amersfoort, The Netherlands. Ailing on the date of the Consistory in 1946 when he was to have been elevated to cardinal, Archbishop de Jong received the red hat of office from Pope Pius XII in a special ceremony at Pope Pius' summer residence eight months later, was the first resident cardinal in The Netherlands since the Reformation.

Died. Aline Bernstein, 72, longtime top Broadway scene and costume designer (*Reunion in Vienna* in 1937, *The Happy Time* in 1949), longtime friend and confidante of the late Novelist Thomas Wolfe, model for Stage Designer Esther Jack in his novels *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Gerardus Post Herrick, 83, research engineer, inventor of the convertiplane, an aircraft (successfully tested in 1937) able to take off and land like an autogyro, convert in the air to normal high-speed flight, ancestor of current U.S. military experimental convertiplanes; in Manhattan.



MR. W. STATHAUS
President, Spector Freight System, Inc.

From general offices in Chicago, Illinois, Mr. Stathaus directs a dynamic motor carrier organization numbering over 1,200 employees, operating more than 1,300 pieces of mobile equipment and maintaining 16 terminals located in 11 states. Spector rigs in 1954 rolled up more than 29 million miles while operating over interstate routes stretching from Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Louis in the Midwest to Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston in the East. Mr. Stathaus states . . .

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CHANEL



THE MOST
TREASURED NAME
IN PERFUME

CHANEL

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Phenix City Story (Allied Artists). Long before the Civil War, Phenix City, Ala.—its name was Lively in those days—was known as the Sodom of the South. By 1941 it had grown into a "Sin City" of more than 15,000 permanent residents, almost all of them employed in the vice factories—gambling dens, brothels, dope parlors—that lined Phenix City's 14th and Dillingham Streets. By night the population doubled, and most of the steady customers came from Fort Benning, the U.S. Army's training camp across the Chattahoochee. When the boys didn't come to Sin City, the city went to the

100-year-old harlot ought to be. During the next six months, a grand jury voted 741 indictments, including three for the murder of Lawyer Patterson. The accused: Chief Deputy Sheriff Albert Fuller, convicted as the triggerman, was sentenced to life in prison; County Solicitor Arch Ferrell was acquitted of complicity; Alabama's Attorney General Silas Garrett, still in office at the time of the murder, has not yet been brought to trial.

This is the sensational true story that *The Phenix City Story* tries to tell. The trouble is that in trying to handle their dramatic subject with a "documentary" technique the producers have come up with an overexcited document, and a



HONKY-TONK SCENE FROM "PHENIX CITY STORY"
Sometimes the city went to the boys.

boys—in "mattress vans" that parked along the roads near camp.

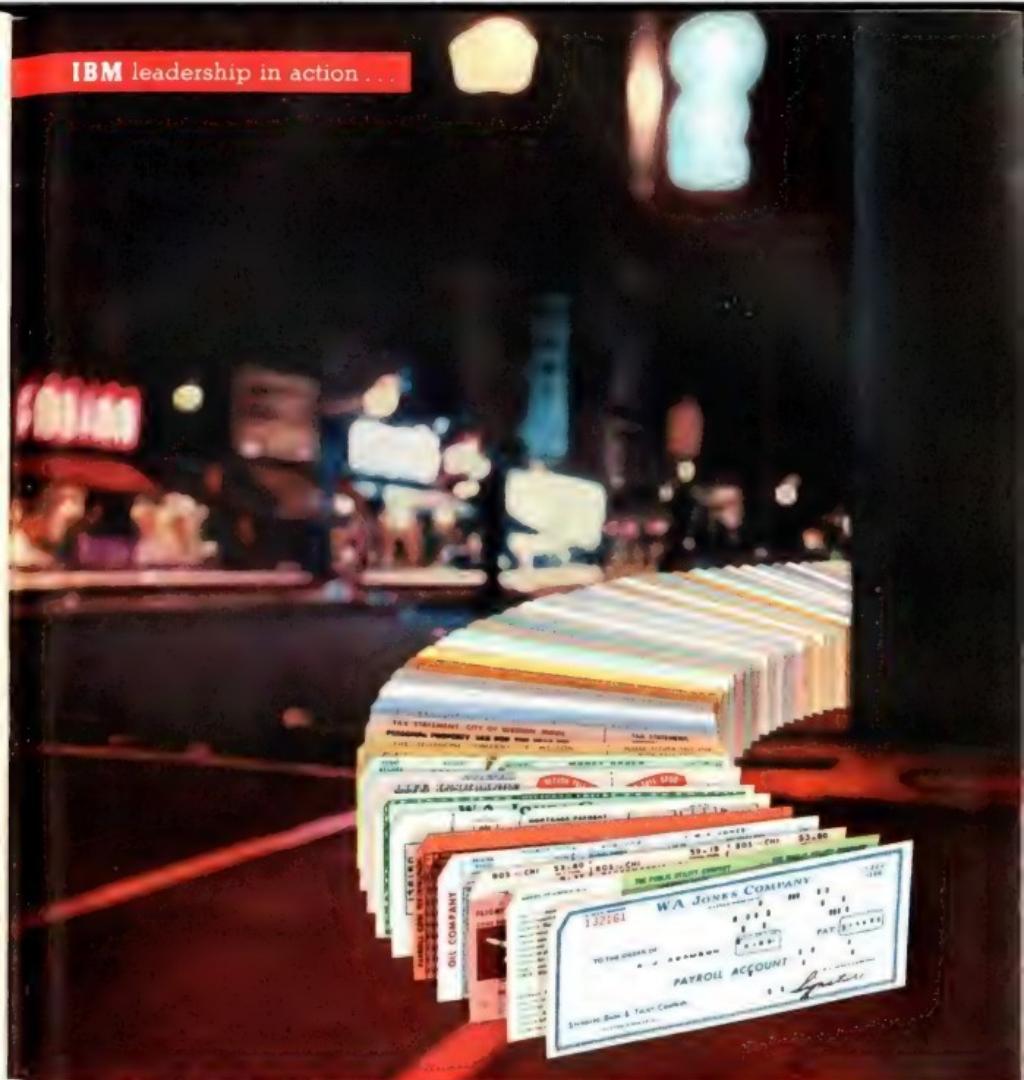
Soon after World War II began, the backroom boys of Phenix City were counting their tainted blessings at the rate of \$100 million a year; they had a good thing, and they meant to keep it. When church groups organized against them, the bosses simply bought themselves a quorum of elders. When good citizens tried to fight them at the polls, the bosses bought votes at \$10 a head and put in a puppet government. Members of cleanup committees were subjected to a campaign of nuisance arrests and tire slashings. Two were badly beaten up, on a downtown street and in broad daylight, by hired bullies. In June 1954 Lawyer Albert Patterson, who had won nomination as Attorney General of Alabama on a cleanup ticket, was shot to death while sitting in his automobile just outside his office in the center of town.

That tore it. Alabama's Governor Gordon Persons was forced by public opinion to declare martial law. The National Guard took over. Phenix City was as dead as any

drama that too often trickles away into the fine print. And yet *Phenix City* has the force of see-and-touch realism. The action was filmed among the same sallow bars, heat-shimmering sidewalks and deceptively innocent-looking back lots that watched it in the life. The actors try hard to weather naturally into the scene. Edward Andrews succeeds wonderfully: he hits the apogee of Southern villainy as he slouches agreeably about town, sweet-talking old ladies, flipping quarters like a slow jackpot, and looking all the while like a fat, greasy thumb that has been stuck too long in the pork barrel.

Female on the Beach (Universal). "Come away with me to Los Angeles!" the wealthy widow (Judith Evelyn) implores. Her hands wander idly over the alluring mass of rented muscle that lies sprawled upon her divan. Alas, no cash, no mask. To make ends meet, Jeff Chandler has hired out as a sex shill to a couple of confidence gamesters at a California seashore resort, and when the lady starts

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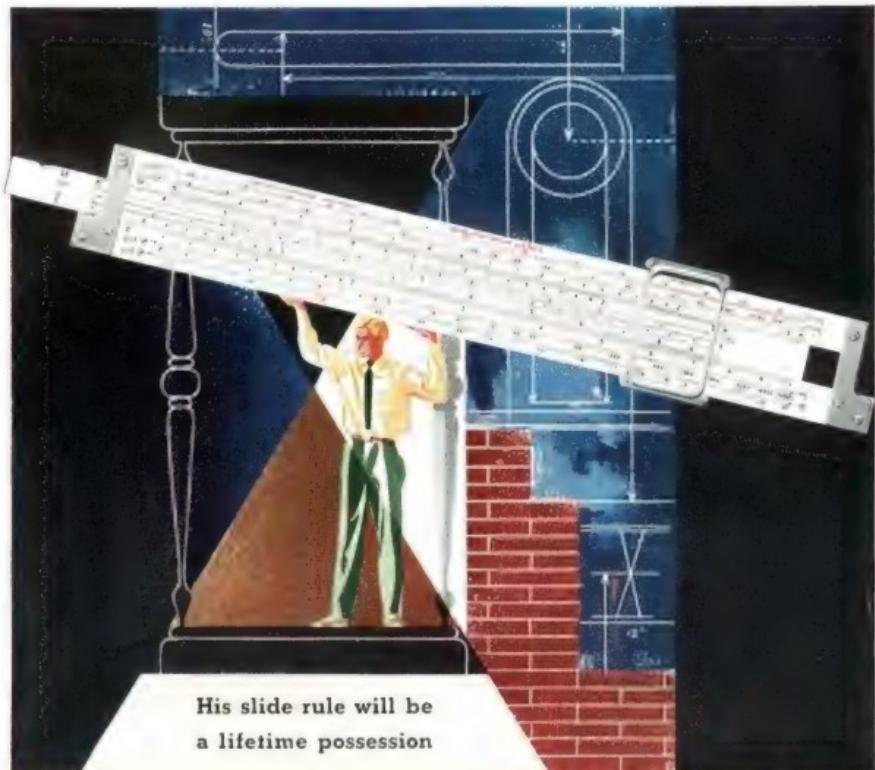
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pinching pennies. Jeff stops pinching her. He just picks up his muscles and walks out. That same night the lady dies. "I'm sorry," says Jeff, and waits a full 24 hours—whether out of respect or safety, the script does not make clear—before he picks up another well-shaped pebble on the beach.

Joan Crawford, the widow of a gambler has a soul as rubbery as Chandler's pectorals, though not so much in evidence. "Ben was older than I was," she explains, "and rich . . . I didn't know very much when I met him, but what I knew I knew well." Jeff has a confession to make too. "I don't hate women," he mutters. "I just hate the way they are." "I wish I could afford you," murmurs Joan. "Save your pennies," he encourages.

She bites his wrist. He rips her dress off. Her eyes dilate. She clutches her breasts



CHANDLER & CRAWFORD
Alas, no cash no mosh.

protectively. He kisses her brutally. She goes limp. Then slowly her arms, as if moved by a will of their own, go gliding around him, and her fingers dig greedily into his flesh. "Just once," she sighs a little later. "Just once."

Poor Joan—not even the censor can save her. But he can make it legal. Jeff, it suddenly turns out, was only paying a debt of honor when he drove the other widow to her death—and besides, the lady didn't commit suicide after all. She was murdered by one of Jeff's jealous girl friends. "The past," sighs Joan, as she clings to him. "is buried under a lot of dead years."

All of which probably proves that, as far as the Hollywood censor is concerned you have to make your lie before you can feed on it.

Footsteps in the Fog (Columbia) whips up the classic recipe for a melodramatic potboiler: mix two engaging scoundrels (Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons) with a brace of murders, add a pinch of

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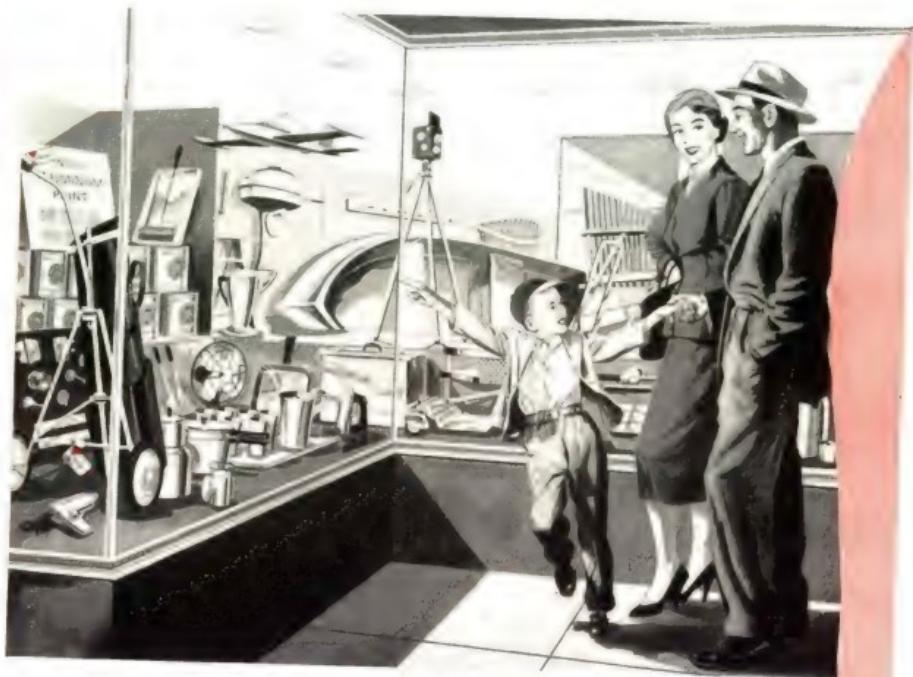
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Awning Roll Tubes	Leg Bands (poultry)
Baby Articles	Leveling Tools
Baths	Lighting Standards
Bathtub Anchors	Lightning-rod Cable
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Electric Meter Cases	Strollers
Electric Popcorn Devices	Surgical Supplies
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Engine Bearings	Textile Equipment
Fans	Thresholds
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Golf Carts	Trim
Greenhouses	Wall Panels
House Trailers	Water Heaters
Ice Chests	Weatherstrip
Ice-Cream Dippers	Windows
Insect Screening	Window Hardware
	Window Sash
	Zippers

blackmail, a generous helping of blue London fog, some bilious green Edwardian interiors, the clop-clop of hansom cabs, and allow to simmer for 90 minutes over a gaslight flame.

When the film opens, Granger stands bareheaded in the rain at a cemetery as his wife—very rich and too old for him—is laid to rest. His friends are touched by his noble composure in the face of tragedy. Then he goes home alone, glances at the huge portrait of his late wife, and his satisfied smile confirms the growing suspicion that foul murder has been done. The camera switches to the mansion's cellar, where Housemaid Jean Simmons, her wits sharpened by adversity, has just finished dosing some rats with a little of the medicine that was given to her ailing mistress. The rats are dead.

And now the long duel begins. Simmons artfully divulges her knowledge, and is quickly promoted from maid to housekeeper and allowed to keep the wife's jewels. One evening she goes out in the fog to mail a letter. Following after, Granger steals up and brains her with his walking stick. At least, he thought it was Jean. It is quite a shock when Jean walks in the door and he realizes he has killed the wrong woman. And so it goes, through plot and ingenious counterplot, until justice—which has been happily nodding through most of the picture—rouses sufficiently to give the culprits their just deserts. It seems a pity, since Granger and Simmons have managed to make their vildavors a couple of the year's most attractive film people.

CURRENT & CHOICE

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

The Sheep Has Five Legs. French Comic Fernandel, who is much too funny for one man, plays six men. He is too funny for six men, too (TIME, Sept. 5).

Ulysses. The Homeric legend made (in Italy) into a foaming saga of sea adventure; with Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano (TIME, Aug. 22).

I Am a Camera. A nymph's regress in Christopher Isherwood's Berlin; Julie Harris, at both houch and cootch, is a comic sensation (TIME, Aug. 15).

The Shrike. The story of a morally helpless husband (Jose Ferrer) and his predatory wife (June Allyson) (TIME, July 25).

Mr. Roberts. First-rate retelling of the long-run Broadway hit about life aboard a Navy supply ship; with Henry Fonda, James Cagney (TIME, July 18).

The Seven Year Itch. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy an engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Marty. The love story of a "very good butcher": home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).



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BOOKS

Master Phiz-Monger

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS [319 pp.]—Peter Quennell—Viking (\$6.50).

Time is the safest of chaperones. Peter Quennell, an Englishman of letters with a well-dressed mind and an impeccable literary accent, who presumably never hobnobs with the spivs, tarts and cosh artists of contemporary London, is nevertheless a knowing and fascinating guide among the harlots and bullies, the stews and sponging houses of 18th century London.

The first notable biography of William Hogarth in some 50 years provides the itinerary of Author Quennell's historical slumming tour. But his real subject is Hogarth's model, the alternately claret-flushed and gin-haggard face of 18th century England.

Age in the Mirror. London in Hogarth's age was a smallish city, as statistics go now. It was a place where the procession to the pillory of a popular prostitute (like Moll Hervey, who was set up at the Blackamoor's Head and Saddler's Arms in Heding Lane) or an unpopular madam (like Mother Newham of Park Place, St. James's) might bring out a bigger crowd than a coronation. Londoners were a people who had yet to regard understatement as a virtue or overdrinking as a vice.

The age had its oddities—the religious cranks or impostors like Mary Tofts, the "Godalming rabbit breeder," who claimed that during her paroxysms she frequently gave birth to rabbits. (For a while nobody in England ate rabbit for fear of encountering a parthenogenetic bunny in the rabbit pie.) It was an undemocratic world, in welfare-state terms, but the duke would bet with the chimney sweep at a cockfight. It was a world that had not yet been promised freedom from fear; yet aggressive personal courage seems to have been the common virtue.

It had no theories of equality between the sexes; yet men apparently loved their own (and each other's) wives in those unenlightened times more than Dr. Kinsey concedes to the present. It was not a mealy-mouthed age; "nasty stinking breath" was the King's English of the second George for "halitosis." Above all, it was always tough-minded and could look at itself in the mirror. Hogarth made the mirror.

Cue for Genius. One of those inevitable accidents which mark the life of a genius turned Hogarth into the delineator of his age, or in his own phrase, its "master phiz-monger." He was just another London apprentice (his job was incising coats of arms on the gentry's silver plate), wandering about town like so many young men, knowing himself to be a genius, but not knowing what to be a genius about. A tavern brawl gave him his cue. A Sunday drinker clobbered another over the scalp with a quartern tankard. In 18th century



British Museum

MOLL HACKABOUT AT HOME
In a world of gin, debt and smallpox . . . terms it was a "laughable subject," what with the man all bloody and grimacing with pain. Hogarth made a sketch that delighted his fellow apprentices, and thus he found his life work. He could do this stuff on copper, and copperplate prints of current events were the picture magazines of the day.

He married, well and sensibly, the daughter of the man who had painted the dome frescoes of Christopher Wren's brand-new St. Paul's. She never seemed to mind the odd company her husband kept. He visited jails, courts, hangings and Bedlam; wherever he went, his notebook went with him. Historian Quennell has identified no fewer than 160 personages who figured in Hogarth's prints. Even the madam in *A Harlot's Progress*—showing the education of a young trollop named Moll Hackabout—was an actual hawd. Quennell has also gone to the trouble of looking up the proud descendant of the most industrious rake of the



National Gallery London

HOGARTH BY HOGARTH
. . . life glows in the living flesh.

period, a Colonel Chartres, whose lickerish grin Hogarth recorded in etching acid.

Celebration of Life. Hogarth was short, disputatious, and never put on airs; even in prosperity he wore a plain scarlet coat (the grey flannel suit of the day). Prints were his living, but painting was what he best liked to do. His style was underestimated then as now. When he died, at 66, the extraordinary pictures now known as *Hogarth's Servants* and *The Shrimp Girl* were found. The canvases reveal that the man who was a journalist on a copperplate was also a brilliant innovator in oil, a forerunner of Delacroix and the impressionists. They also tell of a good, simple man who in a world of gin, debt and the smallpox, was able to see life as it glowed in the living flesh, as a thing to be celebrated.

Quennell's tour of London with Hogarth is worth the price, especially as the writer avoids the impasto of art critics. A master with a complex literary man like Byron or Gibbon or Ruskin. Biographer Quennell is perhaps too fastidious an escort to the knocking-shops of old Drury (he calls a tavern a *boîte*), and at times barely escapes writing like Henry James covering an all-in female wrestling bout. Hogarth, however, is indestructible, and an age said to be best represented by Picasso's *Guernica* is in no position to sneer either at artist or model.

Fast & Loose

THE LAST SUPPER AND OTHER STORIES [214 pp.]—Howard Fast—Blue Heron Press (\$3).

As Dr. Johnson and Samuel Butler proved, a man who believes that swallows hibernate in the mud beneath ponds or that a woman wrote the *Odyssey* can still write sensibly and well. A man who believes that the human race is largely composed of sinister little fascist gremlins engaged in re-enacting the Crucifixion with the author himself as the central figure, is in somewhat worse shape. Still, U.S. Communist Howard Fast keeps on writing all the time. He has just brought out 16 more stories, and his publishers bill him as the world's most widely read living novelist.*

When Author Fast went to jail in 1948 for contempt of Congress, he proclaimed that his persecutors were non-human characters, trying to turn the U.S. into an "abomination." This is a valuable clue to the art of Author Fast, for the people in his stories are not exactly human.

How Real Is Real? Author Fast's stories are dedicated to a Communist theory called socialist realism, which may be summarized as the notion that reality is what the party says it is. This theory has liberated Fast from the preoccupation that unnerves so many lesser artists—the desire to set down the precise truth. The setting of the more intelligible stories is perhaps the U.S.; the time now, or "the

* An easy boast, as Soviet state printers are churning out translations of his books. His *Citizen Tom Paine* (1943) and *Freedom Road* (1944) were bestsellers in the U.S.

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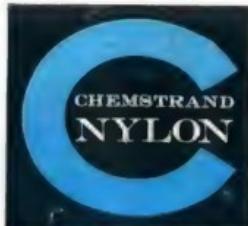
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new order . . . of hate and horror, fear, indecency and terror, the order of the atom kings and the oil kings . . .

The Judas of Fast's title story is a backslid leftist playwright named Harvey Crane. For an imminent production, he has raised \$300,000 (a multiple of the 50 pieces of silver, and thus a big symbol). Then he is asked to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, whose chairman may be assumed to be Pontius Pilate. Hollywood is the flesh-pots of imperial Rome. Villainous lawyers and venal politicians ("For a thousand dollars you can buy a Senator") gnash their teeth in the wings, and of course Judas Crane lets his old party pal have it (after a Last Supper at Sardi's).

Judas, like all enemies of the party, is a psychopath; in contrast to the faithful apostles—good Equity men all, who still stick to the stuff they wrote in the old Group Theater and WPA days. Judas crops up again (in *The Praised Pinion*) as a dim fellow with a remarkable physical resemblance to Whittaker Chambers, who sells out the party for \$24 a day to an FBI smoothie with gold cuff links.

How Stupid Is the Enemy? The book is full of comic businessmen, who are not only capitalist bloodsuckers, but suckers for the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale. The saddest of them is a tycoon named Henry J. Baxter, who dies hilariously, falling down on the path to his \$3,000,000 private bomb shelter because he just would not believe that the Russians developed the H-bomb for the benefit of mankind. Other characters in Fast's America are the clear-eyed, noble tragic men who populate the bulging political prisons. If there is one thing Author Fast knows, it is where the grapes of wrath are stored. When he is not busy explaining that Christ and Tom Paine feel just as he does, he repeats this phrase from the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and it obviously makes him feel like Abraham Lincoln.

The reader may see nothing in the book but slick self-pity and ears and eyes so gross and clumsy that they could not furnish credible continuity for a horror comic. But apart from its uproarious, if unintended, humor, the book has another significance. Author Fast's works offer an insight into the nature of the enemy. On that basis, Americans may reach the useful conclusion that the enemy is not so bright as is generally believed.

The Curious World

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT [223 pp.]—Joseph Wood Krutch—William Sloane Associates (\$3.75).

Americans have listened eagerly to the many-voiced cry of their continent. Seashore, mountains, valleys and plains have spoken and been heard. But the voice of the desert has been largely ignored. To the Hebrews it spoke of the one true God, to the Arabs of the stars and the science of astronomy. It is a stern, conservative voice, encouraging endurance rather than conquest. The desert shows man his limitations and turns him inward. When



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practical-minded men inquire, "But what is the desert good for?", perhaps the best answer still is: "Contemplation."

Five years ago Joseph Wood Krutch, biographer of Samuel Johnson and Henry David Thoreau, a man of letters accustomed to the Northeast, moved to an air-cooled ranch house near Tucson, Ariz. Here he praises the saguaro, the prickly pear and the wicked cholla cactus with all the exuberance of a convert. His companions are no longer Columbia University students, whom he once taught as Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature, but creatures of the Sonoran sands—road runners, elf owls, jack rabbits. Gila monsters, tarantulas and scorpions.

Controlling Nature. Walking through the dry and sunny air, he asks himself questions: 1) Which animal first emerged from the earth into the air? 2) How does it happen that many of the weeds in



Bill Smith—Black Star
KRUTCH & DESERT PAL

Elf owls need understanding.

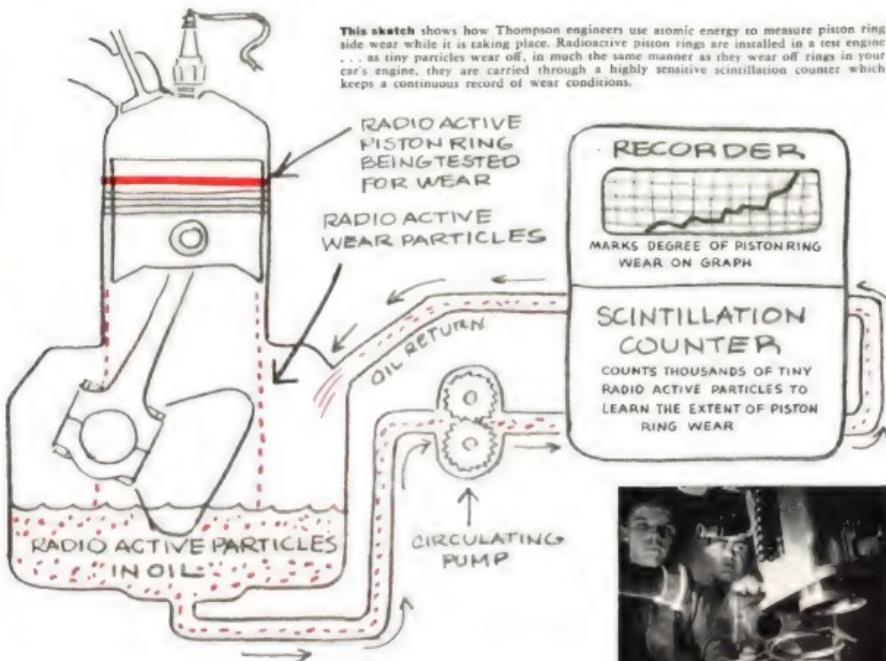
Arizona are from Asia? 3) In what mysterious way does the kangaroo rat triumph over the total absence of water?

When not pondering such puzzlers, Krutch is busy watching toads in glass jars, peering at yucca flowers with a flashlight at midnight, or driving a rattle away from a nest of hooded orioles.

His keen observations, whether of animal or plant, carry mystical overtones. He would insist with Thoreau that "this curious world which we inhabit . . . is more to be admired and enjoyed than it is to be used." Indeed, he takes up the cudgels against man's shortsighted ambition to "control nature." That whole concept, he asserts, is false. Modern man needs greater understanding of "the in-

6) Answers: 1) The scorpion. 2) They presumably accompanied alfalfa seed imported from Siberia and Turkistan. 3) The rat's body manufactures water out of the hydrogen contained in food starches and from the oxygen in the air it breathes.

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clusive community of rocks and soils plants and animals, of which we are a part." The idea of a world for man's use only is unrealizable. Long ago Alexander Pope summed it up with a smile:

*Know, Nature's children all divide
her care!*

*The fur that warms a monarch, warmed
a bear.*

Merciless Creature. Joseph Wood Krutch would let even the mountain lions and the rattlesnakes keep their own skins. In *The Voice of the Desert* there is only one creature he mercilessly skins alive—man, the destroyer of nature and of the natural balance. "To almost everything except man," he writes, "the sight of man [is] the most terrifying of all sights."

Readers will hope that Author Krutch never carries this line of thinking to its extreme conclusion—or else he might find himself spending most of his time cowering with flocks of elf owls. That would be neither so enjoyable to himself nor so profitable to the world as the writing and reading of his delightful books.

An Old Man's Art

Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence-Man (384 pp.)—Thomas Mann—translated by Denver Lindley—Knopf (\$4.50).

"I have to learn how to say goodbye," Thomas Mann said to a visitor not long before his death last month. "That . . . is an old man's art." The last novel to leave his pen is a charming show of how well the old man learned that old man's art. It is as gay goodbye—as gay as Mann could ever get. And yet his last words will also provoke serious interpretation.

Felix Krull is a picaresque novel, and it stands, looking sometimes a little lumpyish, in the raffish succession of *The Golden Ass* to *Don Quixote* to *A Sentimental Journey* to *Lafcadio's Adventures* to (sob!) *L'il Abner* itself. The book's first fragment (54 pages) was published more than 30 years ago—inspired by the impassioned morbidities of Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground*. But most of the final 330 pages, written in the last years of the author's life, strike up a more and more Rabelaisian jig.

The Art of Stealing. Felix Krull is the son of a Rhinelander who manufactured unusually bad champagne and committed suicide because nobody would buy it. Felix is a precocious boy. At an early age he has learned to fake fits and migraine symptoms—he can even make his fingernails turn blue—in order to stay home from school. Soon he is able to forge signatures with the technical virtuosity of a three-time loser. He steals, too, but theft is an esthetic experience to him. And when it comes to sex (as it does soon, with the housemaid), he does not mind admitting that "my gifts for the pleasures of love bordered on the miraculous."

It is obvious to this handsome little devil, in fact, that he is made of "finer clay," and he sets out to acquire a gleaming finish in the heat of events. As soon as



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he has choused his draft board with a neatly feigned epileptic fit, he lights out for Paris where he hires out as elevator operator in a fashionable hotel. At about this time, his fingers stick to a lady's jewel case, and soon they are stroking the lady herself with such skill that she begs him to steal the rest of her valuables too. He obliges. And so it goes, until Felix is off on a world tour with the title of marquis (hogos) and letters of credit (genuine) on banks from Lisbon to Singapore.

The Door to Hell. The work breaks off at the end of Volume I, and perhaps none too soon. Krull is surprisingly funny, but at times the humor is as heavy as *Kartoffelklosse*—and not helped by a translation that misses much of the hero-villain's comic pomposity. The action falls asleep at one point while Mann delivers himself of a monumental snore; a 20-page lecture on the nature of the universe.

Nevertheless, despite its faults, the book is a compelling kind of success. For Mann's writing has, to a degree that few of his contemporaries could equal, what Felix Krull calls "the ineffable power, which there are no words monstrously sweet enough to describe, that teaches the firefly to glow." There comes a moment on almost every page when the words glow, and the reader, charmed, follows the firefly into the dark.

The dark, that is, of the German soul. In Mann's sensibility, the yawning vanity of burgher respectability leads only to hell—that same hell in which Nietzsche, lonely and restless, contracted the syphilis that drove him insane, and in which sentimental devotees of Brahms' *Lieder* ran concentration camps.

The Ode to Life. Thomas Mann's literary world is one of catastrophic oppositions. As Author Mann developed, the problem took many forms—the artist v. the bourgeois, the criminal v. society, Nietzsche v. Goethe, disease v. conformity, Asia v. Europe, music v. reason. On one occasion, Mann was able to wed his antitheses into a higher reality. The moment came in the lyric, mysterious "snow scene" in *The Magic Mountain*, in which substance and accidents, skies and devils dissolve in the "white darkness" of the snow. It was one of the really astounding moments in modern literature, but it passed, and Mann was caught once again in the tension of opposites.

In Krull, Thomas Mann tried to avoid that tension by laughing—ironically, a little pedantically, but joyously, too—at human folly. For he really liked his confidence man: he saw in him the world's need for illusion, exemplified by a swindler's tricks as much as by a monarch's pomp and an artist's fictions. The last lines he committed to publication are a rollicking apostrophe to life that few other men of 80—or 40—could have written: "A whirlwind of primordial forces seized and bore me into the realm of ecstasy. And high and stormy, under my ardent caresses . . . I saw the surging of that queasy bosom."

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Hot Licks. In London, Sidney Adams was fined £3 (\$8.40) after Mrs. Mary Jane Andrews testified that he had sworn to drive his neighbors mad, kept them up with noisy music night after night, once played a record of *Shake, Rattle and Roll* for 2½ hours.

Marksmen. In Boise, Idaho, Jess Arnold, 35, was fined \$60 for reckless driving after he tried to back his car over his mother-in-law, missed, ran into a utility-pole guy wire, disrupted traffic signals on a nearby corner.

Traffic Lane. In Wells, Nev., after complaining to the city council of being badgered by strangers for directions to the local red-light district, townspeople got the city fathers to install directional signs, charge them to the bawdyhouse proprietors.

Pedal Pusher. In Atlanta, during a test for a driver's license, Mrs. Maude Pierce, 42, stepped on the gas instead of the brake, cracked into a utility pole, smashed into a parked car, demolished her own, sent the test supervisor to the hospital with head and hip injuries.

Station Brake. In Marietta, Ohio, Raymond Ray won a divorce from wife Regina Bell Ray after testimony that she watched TV every night until the last station signed off, forbade him to talk to her except during the commercials.

Hot Head. In New Bedford, Mass., enraged after an argument with his wife, Floyd L. Ostrander, 52, burned down their storage barn, tried unsuccessfully to set fire to the house, ripped out the telephone wires so that firemen could not be called.

Contact. In Montevideo, Uruguay, Alberico Averardo Cruzado, 25, was fired from his job as prison warden after he learned from a convict how to mint coins without silver, went into a short-lived but thriving counterfeiting business with his mother, sister and childhood friend.

Wishful Drinking. In Keokuk, Iowa, Wilbur Damon, 27, was sentenced to three days in jail after he phoned police from a saloon, asked the cop who arrived to tell his wife that he was sober.

Hit Tune. In Logansport, Ind., Sheriff O. R. Carson heard three Cass County prisoners lustily singing *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, found that they were trying to cover the racket they were making while digging an escape hatch under the prison wall.

So Sorry. In Tokyo, after 50 persons were killed by arsenic inadvertently mixed in its powdered-milk preparation, the Morinaga Milk Co. expressed its "humblest apologies."



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